

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS



THOMAS CARLYLE

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“BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS”

FROM

THOMAS CARLYLE



ARRANGED BY

PHILLIP W. WILSON



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PREFACE

RUGGED and uncouth as Carlyle's style is, it yet has the merit of arresting the attention of the reader, and forcing him to dwell on the lessons which the sage of Chelsea desires to inculcate. Carlyle's object was to show that, however important the mere trappings and insignia of rank and power were, they could not for long retain the respect and veneration of the world unless they really were the outward symbols of virile manhood. To Carlyle Might was Right, because he believed that Right was always strong and mighty by reason of its inherent justice and force. Hence Carlyle could be in sympathy with the brutal Cæsarism of Frederick the Great or of Cromwell, as well as with the equally brutal force of the un-

PREFACE

known units who made up the People in the days of the triumphant Revolution in France.

All that was strong claimed his homage. Shams and subterfuges were the butt of his sarcasm because they were the symbols of weakness. The really strong man disdained all lies because he was powerful enough to be truthful, even if truth was brutal in its expression. It is in his delineation of the forces and passions that move great men and great masses of people that Carlyle compels our admiration, and has added to our literature an abundance of "Beautiful Thoughts." Thoughts that are "Beautiful," not by reason of their elegance of diction or of expression, but "Beautiful" in their strength and ruggedness, having the beauty not of the flower but of the grey granite that towers above the pretty verdure at its feet.

JANUARY

January 1st.

Hope deferred maketh the heart sick. And yet, as we said, Hope is but deferred; not abolished, not abolishable. It is very notable and touching, how this same Hope does still light onwards the French Nation through all its wild destinies. For we shall still find Hope shining, be it for fond invitation, be it for anger and menace; as a mild heavenly light is shown; as a red conflagration it shines: burning sulphurous blue, through darkest regions of Terror it still shines; and goes not out at all, since Desperation itself is a kind of

Hope. Thus is our Era still to be named of Hope, though in the saddest sense,—when there is nothing left but Hope.

French Revolution.

January 2d.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by!

Past and Present

January 3d.

A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

Sir Walter Scott.

January 4th.

Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break: too early and too thoroughly

we cannot be trained to know that Would, in this world of ours, is as mere Zero to Should, and for most part as the smallest of fractions even to Shall.

Sartor Resartus.

January 5th.

In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men; fronting the peril which frightens back all others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will forever be, a crown of thorns.

Past and Present.

January 6th.

Clothes gave us individuality, distinctions, social polity; Clothes have

made Men of us; they are threatening to make Clothes-screens of us.

Sartor Resartus.

January 7th.

In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called up again

into life. No magic *Rune* is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been: it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

January 8th.

But indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing *how to get done*. A man frets himself to no purpose; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable: no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right-angle in the world; yet

all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much painstaking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little.

Sir Walter Scott.

January 9th.

There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out.

Past and Present.

January 10th.

I venture to assert, that the exercise of private judgment, faithfully gone about, does by no means necessarily end in selfish independence, isolation; but rather ends necessarily in the opposite of that. It is not honest inquiry

that makes anarchy; but it is error, insincerity, half-belief and untruth that make it. *A man protesting against error is on the way towards uniting himself with all men that believe in truth.*

Heroes and Hero Worship.

January 11th.

For if new-got gold is said to burn the pockets till it be cast forth into circulation, much more may new Truth,

Sartor Resartus.

January 12th.

Mammon is like Fire; the usefulest of all servants, if the frightfulest of all masters.

Past and Present.

January 13th.

Frightful to all men is death; from of old named King of Terrors. Our

little compact home of an Existence, where we dwelt complaining, yet as in a home, is passing, in dark agonies, into an Unknown of Separation, Foreignness, unconditioned Possibility. The Heathen Emperor asks of his soul: Into what places art thou now departing? The Catholic King must answer: To the Judgment-bar of the Most High God! Yes, it is a summing-up of Life; a final settling, and giving-in the "account of the deeds done in the body:" they are done now; and lie there unalterable, and do bear their fruits, long as eternity shall last.

French Revolution.

January 14th.

Habit is our primal, fundamental law; Habit and Imitation, there is

nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all Working and all Apprenticeship, of all Practice and all Learning, in this world.

Past and Present.

January 15th.

The world *has* to obey him who thinks and sees in the world. The world can alter the manner of that; can either have it as blessed continuous summer sunshine, or as unblessed black thunder and tornado, with unspeakable difference of profit for the world! The manner of it is very alterable; the matter and fact of it is not alterable by any power under the sky. Light; or failing that, lightning; the world can take its choice.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

January 16th.

Truly a thinking Man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness can have; every time such a one announces himself, I doubt not, there runs a shudder through the Nether Empire; and new Emissaries are trained, with new tactics, to, if possible, entrap him, and hoodwink and handcuff him.

Sartor Resartus.

January 17th.

We take it for granted, the most rigorous of us, that all men who have made anything are expected and entitled to make the loudest possible proclamation of it; call on a discerning public to reward them for it. Every man his own trumpeter; that is, to a

really alarming extent, the accepted rule.

Past and Present.

January 18th.

The suffering man ought really "to consume his own smoke;" there is no good in emitting *smoke* till you have made it into *fire*,—which, in the metaphorical sense too, all smoke is capable of becoming!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

January 19th.

Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; et the price be Nothing: thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it! The heroic man,—and is not every man,

God be thanked, a potential hero?—has to do so, in all times and circumstances.

Past and Present.

January 20th.

An unbelieving Eighteenth Century is but an exception,—such as now and then occurs. I prophesy that the world will once more become *sincere*; a believing world; with *many* Heroes in it, a heroic world! It will then be a victorious world, never till then.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

January 21st.

Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial

beauty,—which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, fatality, which are infernal.

Past and Present.

January 22d.

Meanwhile, observe with joy, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, that whatsoever man ought to obey he cannot but obey. Before no faintest revelation of the Godlike did he ever stand irreverent; least of all, when the Godlike showed itself revealed in his fellowman.

Sartor Resartus.

January 23d.

Where thou findest a Lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist

there only to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction. Think well, meanwhile, in what spirit thou wilt do it: not with hatred, with headlong selfish violence; but in clearness of heart, with holy zeal, gently, almost with pity. Thou wouldst not *replace* such extinct Lie by a new Lie, which a new Injustice of thy own were; the parent of still other Lies? Whereby the latter end of that business were worse than the beginning.

French Revolution.

January 24th.

Under all speech that is good for anything there lies a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time.

Sir Walter Scott.

January 25th.

The merit of originality is not novelty; it is sincerity. The believing man is the original man; whatsoever he believes he believes it for himself, not for another. Every son of Adam can become a sincere man, an original man, in this sense; no mortal is doomed to be an insincere man. Whole ages, what we call ages of Faith, are original; all men in them, or the most of men in them, sincere. These are the great and fruitful ages: every worker, in all spheres, is a worker not on semblance but on substance; every work issues in a result: the general sum of such work is great; for all of it, as genuine, tends towards one goal; all of it is *additive*, none of it subtractive. There is true

union, true kingship, loyalty, all true and blessed things, so far as the poor Earth can produce blessedness for men.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

January 26th.

Meanwhile, what theory is so certain as this, That all theories, were they never so earnest, painfully elaborated, are, and, by the very conditions of them, must be incomplete, questionable, and even false? Thou shalt know that this Universe is, what it professes to be, an *infinite* one. Attempt not to swallow *it*, for thy logical digestion; be thankful, if skilfully planting down this and the other fixed pillar in the chaos, thou prevent its swallowing *thee*.

French Revolution.

January 27th.

Of a truth, if man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticising his victuals to such extent; and criticise himself rather, what he does with his victuals!

Past and Present.

January 28th.

SILENCE and SECRECY! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of Life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have

known, and the most undiplomatic and unstrategic of these, forebore to babble of what they were creating and projecting.

Sartor Resartus.

January 29th.

To speak in the ancient dialect, we “have forgotten God;”—in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the Fact of this Universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal Substance of things, and opened them only to the Shows and Shams of things. We quietly believe this Universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive Cattlefold and Workhouse, with most extensive Kitchen-ranges, Dining-tables,—where-

at he is wise who can find a place!
All the Truth of this Universe is uncertain; only the profit and loss of it, the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man.

Past and Present.

January 30th.

Man and his Life rest no more on hollowness and a Lie, but on solidity and some kind of Truth. Welcome, the beggarliest truth, so it *be* one, in exchange for the royallest sham! Truth of any kind breeds ever new and better truth; thus hard granite rock will crumble down into soil, under the blessed skyey influences; and cover itself with verdure, with fruitage and umbrage. But as for Falsehood, which in like contrary manner, grows ever falser,—what can

it, or what should it do but debase, being ripe; decompose itself, gently or even violently, and return to the Father of it,—too probably in flames of fire?

French Revolution.

January 31st.

What is tolerance? Tolerance has to tolerate the *unessential*; and to see well what that is. Tolerance has to be noble, measured, just in its very wrath, when it can tolerate no longer. But, on the whole, we are not altogether here to tolerate! We are here to resist, to control and vanquish withal. We do not “tolerate” Falsehoods, Iniquities, when they fasten on us; we say to them, Thou art false and unjust. We are here to extinguish Falsehoods, and put an end to them, in some wise way.

FEBRUARY

February 1st.

On the whole, how unknown is a man to himself; or a public Body of men to itself! Æsop's fly sat on the chariot-wheel, exclaiming, What a dust I do raise! Great Governors, clad in purple with fasces and insignia, are governed by their valets, by the pouting of their women and children; or, in Constitutional countries, by the paragraphs of their Able Editors. Say not, I am this or that; I am doing this or that! For thou knowest *it* not, thou knowest only the name it as yet goes by. A purple Nebuchadnezzar rejoices to feel himself now verily Emperor of this great Babylon which he has builded; and *is* a nondescript biped-

quadruped, on the eve of a seven-years course of grazing!

French Revolution.

February 2d.

Thought without reverence is barren, perhaps poisonous; at best, dies like Cookery with the day that called it forth; does not live, like sowing, in successive tilths and wider-spreading harvests, bringing food and plenteous increase to all time.

Sartor Resartus.

February 3d.

Our highest Religion is named the "Worship of Sorrow." For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns!

Past and Present.

February 4th.

The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered unconscious part a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him *impulse*; he reaches down to the Infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and *can* do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state.

Sir Walter Scott

February 5th.

Sense can support herself handsomely, in most countries, for some eighteen-pence a day; but for Fantasy planets and

solar systems will not suffice. Witness your Pyrrhus conquering the world, yet drinking no better red wine than he had before.

Sartor Resartus.

February 6th.

If Hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a Hero? A world all sincere, a believing world: the like has been; the like will again be,—cannot help being. That were the right sort of Worshippers for Heroes: never could the truly Better be so revered as where all were True and Good!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

February 7th.

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away Give it, I advise

thee;—thou dost not expect to *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner? What price, for example, would content thee? The just price of thy LIFE to thee,—why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold: that is the price which would content thee; that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that!

Past and Present.

February 8th.

Masses, indeed; and yet, singular to say, if, with an effort of imagination, thou follow them, over broad France, into their clay hovels, into their garrets and hutches, the masses consist all of units. Every unit of whom has his

own heart and sorrows; stands covered there with his own skin, and if you prick him he will bleed. O purple Sovereignty, Holiness, Reverence; thou, for example, Cardinal Grand-Almoner, with thy plush covering of honour, who hast thy hands strengthened with dignities and moneys, and art set on thy world watch-tower solemnly, in sight of God, for such ends, —what a thought: that every unit of these masses is a miraculous Man, even as thyself art; struggling, with vision, or with blindness, for *his* infinite Kingdom (this life which he has got, once only, in the middle of Eternities); with a spark of the Divinity, what thou callest an immortal soul, in him!

French Revolution.

February 9th.

That there should one Man die Ignorant who had capacity for Knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in the minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of Science which our united Mankind, in a wide Universe of Nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?

Sartor Resartus

February 10th.

For the Earth, I say, is an earnest place; Life is no grimace, but a most serious fact.

Past and Present.

February 11th.

Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses, but by the

infinite grace of God; a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded, as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that: as through life and to death he firmly did.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

February 12th.

Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly co-operative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just

feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Sir Walter Scott.

February 13th.

There is a clear truth in the idea that a struggle from the lower classes of society, towards the upper regions and rewards of society, must ever continue. Strong men are born there, who ought to stand elsewhere than there. The manifold, inextricably complex, universal struggle of these constitutes, and must constitute, what is called the progress of society.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

February 14th.

A paradoxical philosopher, carrying to the uttermost length that aphorism of Montesquieu's, "Happy the people whose annals are tiresome," has said, "Happy the people whose annals are vacant." In which saying, mad as it looks, may there not still be found some grain of reason? For truly, as it has been written, "Silence is divine," and of Heaven; so in all earthly things too there is a silence which is better than any speech. Consider it well, the Event, the thing which can be spoken of and recorded, is it not, in all cases, some disruption, some solution of continuity? Were it even a glad Event, it involves change, involves loss (of active Force); and so far, either

in the past or in the present, is an irregularity, a disease. Stillest perseverance were our blessedness; not dislocation and alteration,—could they be avoided.

French Revolution.

February 15th.

The man who cannot laugh is not only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.

Sartor Resartus.

February 16th.

To reconcile Despotism with Freedom:—well, is that such a mystery? Do you not already know the way?

It is to make your Despotism *just*. Rigorous as Destiny; but just too, as Destiny and its Laws.

Past and Present.

February 17th.

The Constitution, the set of Laws, or prescribed Habits of Acting, that men will live under, is the one which images their Convictions,—their Faith as to this wondrous Universe, and what rights, duties, capabilities they have there; which stands sanctioned, therefore, by Necessity itself; if not by a seen Deity, then by an unseen one. Other Laws, whereof there are always enough *ready-made*, are usurpations; which men do not obey, but

rebel against it, and abolish, by their earliest convenience.

French Revolution.

February 18th.

A fundamental mistake to call vehemence and rigidity strength! A man is not strong who takes convulsion fits; though six men cannot hold him then. He that can walk under the heaviest weight without staggering, he is the strong man. We need forever, especially in these loud-shrieking days, to remind ourselves of that. A man who cannot *hold his peace*, till the time comes for speaking and acting, is no right man.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

February 19th.

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams and *is* something.

French Revolution.

February 20th.

Every noble work is at first "impossible." In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused through Immensity: inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith.

Past and Present.

February 21st.

How true also, once more, is it that no man or Nation of men, *conscious* of doing a great thing, was ever, in that thing, doing other than a small one!

O Champ-de-Mars Federation, with three hundred drummers, twelve hundred wind-musicians, and artillery planted on height after height to boom the tidings of it all over France, in a few minutes! Could no Atheist-Nai-geon contrive to discern, eighteen centuries off, those Thirteen most poor mean-dressed men, at frugal Supper, in a mean Jewish dwelling, with no symbol but hearts God-initiated into the "Divine depth of Sorrow," and a *Do this in remembrance of me*;—and so cease that small difficult crowing of his, if he were not doomed to it?

French Revolution.

February 22d.

/ Labour is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism; Labour is

ever an imprisoned God, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism!

Past and Present.

February 23d.

Despise not the rag from which man makes Paper, or the litter from which the Earth makes Corn. Rightly viewed no meanest object is insignificant; all objects are as windows, through which the philosophic eye looks into Infinitude itself.

Sartor Resartus.

February 24th.

On all hands of us, there is the announcement, audible enough, that the old Empire of Routine has ended; that

to say a thing has long been, is no reason for its continuing to be. The things which have been are fallen into decay, are fallen into incompetence; large masses of mankind, in every society of our Europe, are no longer capable of living at all by the things which have been.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

February 25th.

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. “All work of man is as the swimmer’s:” a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold

how **it** loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along.

Past and Present.

February 26th.

When a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again.

Sir Walter Scott.

February 27th.

At all turns, a man who will *do* faithfully, needs to believe firmly,

Heroes and Hero Worship.

February 28th.

With these signs of the times, it is not surprising that the dominant feel-

ing all over France was still continually Hope? O blessed Hope, sole boon of man; whereby, on his strait prison walls, are painted beautiful far-stretching landscapes; and into the night of very Death is shed holiest dawn! Thou art to all an indefeasible possession in this God's-world: to the wise a sacred Constantine's-banner, written on the eternal skies; under which they *shall* conquer, for the battle itself is victory: to the foolish some secular *mirage*, or shadow of still waters, painted on the parched Earth; whereby at least their dusty pilgrimage, if devious, becomes cheerfuller, becomes possible.

French Revolution

February 29th.

“Protection of property,” of what is “*mine*” means with most men protection of money,—the thing which, had I a thousand padlocks over it, is least of all *mine*; is, in a manner, scarcely worth calling mine!

Past and Present.

MARCH

March 1st.

Great is Bankruptcy: the great bottomless gulf into which all Falsehoods, public and private, do sink, disappearing; whither, from the first origin of them, they were all doomed. For Nature is true and not a lie. No lie you can speak or act but it will come, after longer or shorter circulation, like a Bill drawn on Nature's Realty, and be presented there for payment,—with the answer, *no effects*. Pity only that it often had so long a circulation: that the original forger were so seldom he who bore the final smart of it! Lies, and the burden of evil they bring, are passed on; shifted from back to back, and from rank to rank; and so land

ultimately on the dumb lowest rank, who with spade and mattock, with sore heart and empty wallet, daily come in *contact* with reality, and can pass the cheat no further.

French Revolution.

March 2d.

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing. How much would many a serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensa*; and at his victorious return, sat down not to newspaper-paragraphs and city-illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread and water! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of

many;—that is the meaning of true mastership.

Past and Present.

March 3d.

What you see, yet cannot see over,
is as good as infinite.

Sartor Resartus.

March 4th.

Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength; if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness.

Past and Present.

March 5th.

If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School be-

gan doing,—teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The true University of these days is a collection of Books.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

March 6th.

Perhaps our greatest poets are the *mute* Miltons; the vocals are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and *make* vocal.

Sir Walter Scott.

March 7th.

Discipline we called a kind of miracle: in fact, is it not miraculous how one man moves hundreds of thousands; each unit of whom it may be loves him not, and singly fears him not, yet has to obey him, to go hither or go thither, to march and halt, to give death, and even to receive it, as if a Fate had spoken; and the word-of-command becomes, almost in the literal sense, a magic-word.

French Revolution.

March 8th.

When Belief waxes uncertain, Practice too becomes unsound.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

March 9th.

What is the use of health, or of life, if not to do some work therewith? And what work nobler than transplanting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil; except indeed planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do?

Sartor Resartus.

March 10th.

In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed.

Past and Present.

March 11th.

Man, "Symbol of Eternity imprisoned into Time!" is not thy works, which are all mortal, infinitely little, and the greatest no greater than the least, but only the Spirit thou workest in, that can have worth or continuance.

French Revolution.

March 12th.

Men believe in Bibles, and disbelieve in them: but of all Bibles the frightfullest to disbelieve in is this "Bible of Universal History." This is the Eternal Bible and God's-book, "which every born man," till once the soul and eyesight are extinguished in him, "can and must, with his own eyes, see the God's-Finger writing!"

Past and Present.

March 13th.

As indeed this, and the like of this, which we now call Scepticism, is precisely the black malady and life-foe, against which all teaching and discoursing since man's life began has directed itself; the battle of Belief against Unbelief is the never-ending battle! Neither is it in the way of crimination that one would wish to speak. Scepticism, for that century, we must consider as the decay of old ways of believing, the preparation afar off for new, better and wider ways,—an inevitable thing. We will not blame men for it; we will lament their hard fate. We will understand that destruction of old *forms* is not destruction of

everlasting *substances*; that Scepticism, as sorrowful and hateful as we see it, is not an end but a beginning.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

March 14th.

For men's hearts ought not to be set against one another; but set *with* one another, and all against the Evil Thing only.

Past and Present.

March 15th.

Of this thing, however, be certain: wouldst thou plant for Eternity, then plant into the deep infinite faculties of man his Fantasy and Heart; wouldst thou plant for Year and Day, then plant into his shallow superficial fac-

ulties, his Self-love and Arithmetical Understanding, what will grow there.

Sartor Resartus.

March 16th.

When a Nation is unhappy, the old Prophet was right and not wrong in saying to it: Ye have forgotten God, ye have quitted the ways of God, or ye would not have been unhappy. It is not according to the laws of Fact that ye have lived and guided yourselves, but according to the laws of Delusion, Imposture, and wilful and unwilful *Mistake* of Fact; behold therefore the Unveracity is worn out; Nature's long suffering with you is exhausted; and ye are here.

Past and Present.

March 17th.

As for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit (or call it, with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit), that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanics), is a series of *falls*.

Sir Walter Scott.

March 18th.

Is not Light grander than Fire? It is the same element in a state of purity.

Past and Present.

March 19th.

Between vague wavering Capability and fixed indubitable Performance, what a difference! A certain inarticu-

late Self-consciousness dwells dimly in us; which only our works can render articulate and decisively discernible. Our Works are the mirror wherein the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Hence, too, the folly of that impossible Precept, *Know thyself*; till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*.

Sartor Resartus.

March 20th.

"Infinite admiration," we are taught, "means worship."

Past and Present.

March 21st.

As if Thought, Power of Thinking, were not, at all times, in all places and situations of the world, precisely the

thing that *was* wanted. The fatal man, is he not always the *unthinking* man, the man who cannot think and *see*; but only grope, and hallucinate, and *misse* the nature of the thing he works with? He missees it, *mistakes* it as we say; takes it for one thing, and it *is* another thing,—and leaves him standing like a futility there! He is the fatal man: unutterably fatal, put in the high places of men.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

March 22d.

For indeed it is well said, “in every object there is inexhaustible meaning; the eye sees in it what the eye brings means of seeing.” To Newton and to Newton’s Dog Diamond, what a different pair of Universes; while the painting on

the optical retina of both was, most likely, the same. *

French Revolution.

March 23d.

Ah yes, soil, with or without ploughing, is the gift of God. The soil of all countries belongs evermore, in a very considerable degree, to the Almighty Maker! The last stroke of labor bestowed on it is not the making of its value, but only the increasing thereof.

Past and Present.

March 24th.

Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the *talk* of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; make his writing three times as good as his talk,

there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work.

Sir Walter Scott.

March 25th.

Deep in the heart of the noble man it lies forever legible, that, as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence; ever-present,—like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body; like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Fiat-Lux*, in the wastest terrestrial Chaos! Blessed divine Influence, traceable even in the horror of Battlefields and garments rolled in blood: how it ennobles even the Battlefield; and,

in place of a Chactaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honour!

Past and Present.

March 26th.

Not our Logical, Mensurative faculty, but our Imaginative one is King over us; I might say, Priest and Prophet to lead us heavenward; or Magician and Wizard to lead us hellward. Nay, even for the basest Sensualist, what is Sense but the implement of Fantasy; the vessel it drinks out of?

Sartor Resartus.

March 27th.

Observe, however, beyond the Atlantic, has not the new day verily dawned! Democracy, as we said, is born; storm-girt, is struggling for life and victory.

A sympathetic France rejoices over the Rights of Man; in all saloons, it is said, What a spectacle!

French Revolution.

March 28th.

First must the dead Letter of Religion own itself dead, and drop piecemeal into dust, if the living Spirit of Religion, freed from this its charnel-house, is to arise on us, newborn of Heaven, and with new healing under its wings.

Sartor Resartus.

March 29th.

Yes, the wise man too speaks, and acts, in Formulas; all men do so. In general the more completely cased with Formulas a man may be, the safer, happier it is for him.

Past and Present.

March 30th.

Great is Journalism. Is not every Able Editor a Ruler of the World, being a persuader of it; though self-elected, yet sanctioned, by the sale of his Numbers? Whom indeed the world has the readiest method of deposing, should need be: that of merely doing *nothing* to him; which ends in starvation!

French Revolution.

March 31st.

He that can write a true Book, to persuade England, is not he the Bishop and Archbishop, the Primate of England and of All England? I many a time say, the writers of Newspapers, Pamphlets, Poems, Books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

APRIL

April 1st.

Hast thou considered how each man's heart is so tremulously responsive to the hearts of all men; hast thou noted how omnipotent is the very sound of many men? How their shriek of indignation palsies the strong soul; their howl of contumely withers with unfelt pangs? The Ritter Glück confessed that the ground-tone of the noblest passage, in one of his noblest Operas, was the voice of the Populace he had heard at Vienna, crying to their Kaiser: Bread! Bread! Great is the combined voice of men; the utterance of their *instincts*, which are truer than their *thoughts*: it is the great-

est a man encounters, among the sounds and shadows, which make up this World of Time. He who can resist that, has his footing somewhere *beyond* Time.

French Revolution.

'April 2d.

A brave man, strenuously fighting, fails not of a little triumph, now and then, to keep him in heart. Everywhere we try at least to give the adversary as good as he brings; and, with swift force or slow watchful manœuvre, extinguish this and the other solecism, leave one solecism less in God's Creation; and so *proceed* with our battle, not slacken or surrender in it!

Past and Present.

April 3d.

For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man: also, it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed.

Sir Walter Scott.

'April 4th.

What changes are wrought, not by Time, yet in Time. For not Mankind only, but all that Mankind does or beholds, is in continual growth, re-genesis and self-perfecting vitality. Cast forth thy Act, thy Word, into the ever-living, ever-working Universe: it is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day (says

one), it will be found flourishing as a Banyan-grove (perhaps, alas, as a Hemlock-forest!) after a thousand years.

Sartor Resartus.

April 5th.

Reality is of God's making; it is alone strong.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

April 6th.

Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important, or unimportant; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it matters not to

peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy Life, the Pale Messenger beckons silently: wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies; wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf! The most important of men cannot stay; did the World's History depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same *would-have-beens* are mostly a vanity; and the World's History could never in the least be what it would, or might, or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is.

French Revolution.

April 7th.

Eloquence in three languages is good ; but it is not the best. To us, as already hinted, the Lord Abbot's eloquence is less admirable than his *ine*loquence, his great invaluable "talent of silence!"

Past and Present.

April 8th.

Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope, he has no other possession but Hope ; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.

Sartor Resartus.

April 9th.

Literature is our Parliament too. Whoever can speak, speaking now to

the whole nation, becomes a power, a branch of government, with inalienable weight in law-making, in all acts of authority. It matters not what rank he has, what revenues or garnitures: the requisite thing is, that he have a tongue which others will listen to; this and nothing more is requisite. The nation is governed by all that has tongue in the nation: Democracy is virtually *there*.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

April 10th.

It is not known that the Tongue of Man is a sacred organ; that Man himself is definable in Philosophy as an "Incarnate *Word*."

Past and Present.

April 11th.

Levelling is comfortable, as we often say: levelling, yet only down to oneself. Your pale-white Creoles, have their grievances:—and your yellow Quarter-oons? And your dark-yellow Mulattoes? And your Slaves soot-black?

French Revolution.

April 12th.

Veracity: it is the basis of all; and, some say, means genius itself; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever.

Past and Present.

April 13th.

There is a great discovery still to be made in Literature, that of paying

literary men by the quantity they *do not* write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and acting? Not what stands aboveground, but what lies unseen *under* it, as the root and subterrene element it sprang from and embled forth, determines the value.

Sir Walter Scott.

April 14th.

A High Class without duties to do is like trees planted on precipices; from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling.

Past and Present.

April 15th.

Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil; for which

reason I have long since as good as renounced it.

Sartor Resartus.

April 16th.

Union, organisation, spiritual and material, a far nobler than any Popedom or Feudalism in their truest days, I never doubt, is coming for the world; sure to come. But on Fact alone, not on Semblance and Simulacrum, will it be able either to come, or to stand when come. With union grounded on falsehood, and ordering us to speak and act lies, we will not have anything to do. Peace? A brutal lethargy is peaceable, the noisome grave is peaceable. We hope for a living peace, not a dead one.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

April 17th.

For Justice and Reverence *are* the everlasting central Law of this Universe; and to forget them, and have all the Universe against one, God and one's own self for enemies, and only the Devil and the Dragons for friends, is not that a "lameness" like few?

Past and Present.

April 18th.

Man is not what one calls a happy animal; his appetite for sweet victual is so enormous. How, in this wild Universe, which storms in on him, infinite, vague-menacing, shall poor man find, say not happiness, but existence, and footing to stand on, if it be not by girding himself together for continual endeavour and en-

duration? Woe, if in his heart there dwelt no devout Faith; if the word Duty has lost its meaning for him! For as to this of Sentimentalism, so useful for weeping with over romances and on pathetic occasions, it otherwise verily will avail nothing; nay less. The healthy heart that said to itself, "How healthy am I!" was already fallen into the fatallest sort of disease. Is not Sentimentalism twin-sister to Cant, if not one and the same with it? Is not Cant the *materia prima* of the Devil; from which all falsehoods, imbecilities, abominations body themselves; from which no true thing *can* come? For Cant is itself properly a double-distilled Lie; the second-power of a Lie.

French Revolution.

April 19th.

Genius is "the inspired gift of God." It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man. Dim, potential in all men; in this man it has become clear, actual.

Past and Present.

'April 20th.

The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom; and working, believe, live, be free.

Sartor Resartus.

April 21st.

My friend, all speech and rumor is shortlived, foolish, untrue. Genuine WORK alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-BUILDER himself. Stand thou by that; and let "Fame" and the rest of it go prating.

Past and Present.

April 22d.

We say not that; but we do say, that ill-health, of body or of mind, is *defeat*, is battle (in a good or in a bad cause) with bad success; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it; let

him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but surely evil,—may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Sir Walter Scott.

April 23d.

Alas, when madness of choler has gone through the blood of men, and gibbets have swung on this side and on that, what will a parchment Decree and Lafayette Amnesty do? Oblivious Lethe flows not *above* ground!

French Revolution.

April 24th.

Insincere Speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere Action. Action hangs, as it were, *dissolved* in Speech, in Thought whereof Speech is the shadow; and precipitates itself therefrom.

The kind of Speech in a man betokens the kind of Action you will get from him. Our Speech, in these modern days, has become amazing. Johnson complained, "Nobody speaks in earnest, Sir; there is no serious conversation."

Past and Present.

April 25th.

✓ Strange enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts; and by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But indeed man is, and was always, a block-head and dullard; much readier to feel and digest, than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is

his absolute lawgiver; mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose: thus let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen *twice*, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable.

Sartor Resartus.

April 26th.

Isolation is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary: to have a world alien, not your world; all a hostile camp for you; not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are! It is the frightfullest enchantment; too truly a work of the Evil One.

Past and Present.

April 27th.

Shall Courtesy be done only to the rich, and only by the rich? In Good-breeding, which differs, if at all, from High-breeding, only as it gracefully remembers the rights of others, rather than gracefully insists on its own rights, I discern no special connection with wealth or birth: but rather that it lies in human nature itself, and is due from all men towards all men.

Sartor Resartus.

April 28th.

Let Cant cease, at all risks and at all costs: till Cant cease, nothing else can begin. Of human Criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist,

I find but one unforgivable: the Quack.

French Revolution.

April 29th.

The Land is *Mother* of us all; nourishes, shelters, gladdens, lovingly enriches us all; in how many ways, from our first wakening to our last sleep on her blessed mother-bosom, does she, as with blessed mother-arms enfold us all.

Past and Present.

April 30th.

Our life is compassed round with Necessity; yet is the meaning of Life itself no other than Freedom, than Voluntary Force; thus have we a warfare; in the

beginning, especially, a hard-fought battle. For the God-given mandate, *Work thou in Welldoing*, lies mysteriously written, in Promethian, Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be disciphered and obeyed; till it burn forth, in our conduct, a visible, acted Gospel of Freedom.

Sartor Resartus.

MAY

May 1st.

For ours is a most fictile world; and man is the most fingent plastic of creatures. A world not fixable; not fathomable! An unfathomable Somewhat, which is *Not we*; which we can work with, and live amidst,—and model, miraculously in our miraculous Being, and name World.—But if the very Rocks and Rivers (as Metaphysic teaches), are, in strict language, *made* by those outward Senses of ours, how much more, by the Inward Sense, are all Phenomena of the spiritual kind: Dignities, Authorities, Holies, Unholies! Which inward sense, moreover is not permanent like the outward ones, but forever grow-

ing and changing. Does not the Black African take of Sticks and Old Clothes (say, exported Monmouth-Street cast-clothes) what will suffice, and of these, cunningly combining them, fabricate for himself an Eidolon (Idol, or *Thing Seen*), and name it *Mumbo-Jumbo*; which he can henceforth pray to, with upturned awestruck eye, not without hope? The white European mocks; but ought rather to consider; and see whether he, at home, could not do the like a little more wisely.

French Revolution.

May 2d

Formulas too, as we call them, have a *reality* in Human Life. They are real as the very *skin* and *muscular tissue* of a

Man's Life ; and a most blessed indispensable thing, so long as they have *vitality* withal, and are a *living* skin and tissue to him ! No man, or man's life, can go abroad and do business in the world without skin and tissues. No ; first of all, these have to fashion themselves,—as indeed they spontaneously and inevitably do. Foam itself, and this is worth thinking of, can harden into oyster-shell ; all living objects do by necessity form to themselves a skin.

Past and Present.

May 3d.

Great truly is the Actual ; is the Thing that has rescued itself from bottomless deeps of theory and possibility, and stands there as a definite indisputable

Fact, whereby men do work and live, or once did so. Wisely shall men cleave to that, while it will endure; and quit it with regret, when it gives way under them. Rash enthusiast of Change, beware! Hast thou well considered all that Habit does in this life of ours; how all Knowledge and all Practice hang wondrous over infinite abysses of the Unknown, Impracticable; and our whole being is an infinite abyss, *overarched* by Habit, as by a thin Earth-rind, laboriously built together?

French Revolution.

May 4th.

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Madness sane;—truly enough

a religious operation; which cannot be carried on without religion.

Past and Present.

May 5th.

That great mystery of TIME, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which *are*, and then *are not*: this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb,—for we have no word to speak about it.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 6th.

The Past is a dim indubitable fact: the Future too is one, only dimmer; nay

properly it is the *same* fact in new dress and development. For the Present holds in it both the whole Past and the whole Future;—as the LIFE-TREE IGDRASIL, wide-waving, many-toned, has its roots down deep in the Death-kingdoms, among the oldest dead dust of men, and with its boughs reaches always beyond the stars; and in all times and places is one and the same Life-tree!

Past and Present.

May 7th. .

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's or a nation of men's. By religion I do not mean here the church-creed he professes, the articles of faith which he will sign and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in

many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

L. J. C.

May 8th.

The Land, by mere hired Governors, cannot be got governed. You cannot hire men to govern the Land: it is by a mission not contracted for in the Stock-Exchange, but felt in their own hearts as coming out of Heaven, that men can govern a Land.

Past and Present.

May 9th.

By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognised as such or not recognised: the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is Man himself but a Symbol of God; is

not all that he does symbolical; a revelation to Sense of the mystic god-given Force that is in him; a "Gospel of Freedom," which he, the "Messias of Nature," preaches, as he can, by act and word? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible record of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.

Sartor Resartus.

May 10th.

✓ The first of all Gospels is this, that a Lie cannot endure forever.

French Revolution.

May 11th.

But indeed one of the infalliblest fruits of Unwisdom in a Nation is that it can-

not get the use of what Wisdom is actually in it: that it is not governed by the wisest it has, who alone have a divine right to govern in all Nations; but by the sham-wisest, or even by the openly not-so-wise if they are handiest otherwise!

Past and Present.

May 12th.

A man, be the Heavens ever praised, is sufficient for himself; yet were ten men, united in Love, capable of being and of doing what ten thousand singly would fail in. Infinite is the help man can yield to man.

Sartor Resartus.

May 13th.

A great soul, any sincere soul, knows not *what* he is,—alternates between the

highest height and the lowest depth; can of all things the least measure—Himself! What others take him for, and what he guesses that he may be: these two items strangely act on one another, help to determine one another. With all men reverently admiring him; with his own wild soul full of noble ardours and affections, of whirlwind chaotic darkness and glorious new light; a divine Universe bursting all into godlike beauty round him, and no man to whom the like ever had befallen, what could he think himself to be?

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 14th.

The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over, when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can di-

voice me from it? Mystic, deep as the world's centre, are the roots I have struck into my Native Soil; no *tree* that grows is rooted so. From noblest patriotism to humblest industrial Mechanism; from highest dying for your country, to lowest quarrying and coal-boring for it, a Nation's Life depends upon its Land. Again and again we have to say, there can be no true Aristocracy but must possess the Land.

Past and Present.

May 15th.

Folly is that wisdom which is wise only behindhand.

French Revolution.

May 16th.

The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighborhood and kindred with

mere Insanity; literally so;—and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling, observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither!

Past and Present.

May 17th.

It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. *Valour* is still *value*. The first duty for a man is still that of subduing *Fear*. We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish, not true but specious; his very thoughts are false, he thinks too as a slave and coward, till he have got Fear under his feet.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 18th.

For if Government is, so to speak, the outward SKIN of the Body Politic, holding the whole together and protecting it; and all your Craft-Guilds and Associations for Industry, of hand or of head, are the Fleshly Clothes, the muscular and osseous Tissues, (lying *under* such SKIN), whereby Society stands and works;—then is Religion the inmost Pericardial and Nervous Tissue, which ministers Life and Warm Circulation to the whole.

Sartor Resartus.

May 19th.

Day's-wages for Day's-work? continues he: The progress of Human Society consists even in this same, The better and better apportioning of wages

to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved,—to this man broad lands and honours, to that man high gibbets and treadmills: what more have I to ask? Heaven's Kingdom, which we daily pray for, *has* come: God's will is done on Earth even as it is in Heaven!

Past and Present.

May 20th.

See deep enough, and you see musically; the heart of Nature *being* everywhere music, if you can only reach it.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 21st.

The opinion that is sure of itself, as the meagerest opinion may the soonest

be, is the one to which all men will rally.
Great is Belief, were it never so meagre;
and leads captive the doubting heart!

French Revolution.

May 22d.

On the whole, that humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only; and so instead of humbling himself to the high-born, to the rich and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy: coroneted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good; is it not, in some

sense, the net-total, as shown by experiment, of whatever worth is in us? The healthy man is the most meritorious product of Nature so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health,—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blesseddest thing this earth receives of Heaven.

Sir Walter Scott.

May 23d.

It has ever been held the highest wisdom for a man not merely to submit to Necessity,—Necessity will make him submit,—but to know and believe well that the stern thing that Necessity had ordered was the wisest, the best, the thing wanted there. To ease his frantic pre-tension of scanning this great God's-World in his small fraction of a brain;

to know that it *had* verily, though deep beyond his soundings, a Just Law, that the soul of it was Good;—that his part in it was to conform to the Law of the Whole, and in devout silence follow that; not questioning it, obeying it as unquestionable.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 24th.

For Nature and Fact, not Redtape and Semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life; and on those, through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interests do. sooner or later, infallibly come to rest,—and to be supported or be swallowed according as they agree with those. The question is asked of them, not, How do you agree with Downing-street and accredited

Semblance? but, how do you agree with God's Universe and the actual Reality of things?

Past and Present.

May 25th.

Indeed what wonders lie in every Day, —had we the sight, as happily we have not, to decipher: for is not every meanest day “the conflux of two Eternities!”

French Revolution.

May 26th.

Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up; screened from all work, from want, danger, hardship, the victory over which is what we name work;—he himself to sit serene, amid down-bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other

men? And such man calls himself a *noble*-man! His fathers worked for him, he says ; or successfully gambled for him : here *he* sits ; professes, not in sorrow but in pride, that he and his have done no work, time out of mind. It is the law of the land, and is thought to be the law of the Universe, that he, alone of recorded men, shall have no task laid on him, except that of eating his cooked victuals, and not flinging himself out of window. Once more I will say, there was no stranger spectacle ever shown under this Sun.

Past and Present.

May 27th.

Belief is great, life-giving. The history of a Nation becomes fruitful, soul-elevating, great, so soon as it believes.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 28th.

There is one preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons: his name is Destiny, is Divine Providence, and his Sermon the inflexible Course of Things. Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages; but he teaches like no other!

Past and Present.

May 29th.

Poor human nature! Is not a man's walking, in truth, always that: "a succession of falls?" Man can do no other. In this wild element of a Life, he has to struggle onwards; now fallen deep-abased; and ever, with tears, repentance, with bleeding heart, he has to rise again, struggle again still onwards. That this

struggle *be* a faithful unconquerable one :
that is the question of questions.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

May 30th.

The latest Gospel in this world is,
Know thy work and do it. "Know thyself:" long enough has that poor "self" of thine tormented thee ; thou wilt never get to "know" it, I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual : know what thou canst work at ; and work at it like a Hercules ! That will be thy better plan.

May 31st.

It is most true that all available Authority is *mystic* in its conditions, and comes "by the grace of God."

French Revolution.

JUNE

June 1st.

Great meanwhile is the moment, when tidings of Freedom reach us; when the long-enthralled soul, from amid its chains and squalid stagnancy, arises, were it still only in blindness and bewilderment, and swears by Him that made it, that it will be *free!* Free? Understand that well, it is the deep commandment, dimmer or clearer, of our whole being, to be *free*. Freedom is the one purport, wisely aimed at, or unwisely, of all man's struggles, toilings and sufferings, in this Earth. Yes, supreme is such a moment (if thou have known it): first vision as of a flame-girt Sinai, in this our waste Pilgrimage, — which

thenceforth wants not its pillar of cloud by day and pillar of fire by night !

French Revolution.

June 2d.

Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into, there *is*, at any given moment, a *best part* for every man ; a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him to do ;—which could he be but led or driven to do, he were then doing “like a man,” as we phrase it ! all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well-done to him ! His success, in such case, were complete ; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him, Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to

him even in the shape of blows and spurnings, is liberty: whatsoever hinders him, were it wardmotes, open-vestries, pollbooths, tremendous cheers, rivers of heavy-wet, is slavery.

Past and Present.

June 3d.

It seems to me a most mournful hypothesis, that of quackery giving birth to any faith, even in savage men. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is to have done with them, to sweep

them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 4th.

Veracity, true simplicity of heart, how valuable are these always! He that speaks what *is* really in him, will find men to listen, though under never such impediments.

Past and Present.

June 5th.

Thought, true labour of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirlwind;—true *effort*, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself:

that is Thought. In all ways we are "to become perfect through *suffering*."

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 6th.

Posterity can do simply nothing for a man.

Past and Present.

June 7th.

The oak grows silently, in the forest, a thousand years; only in the thousandth year, when the woodman arrives with his axe, is there heard an echoing through the solitude; and the oak announces itself when, with a far-sounding crash, it *falls*. How silent too was the planting of the acorn; scattered from the lap of some wandering wind! Nay, when our oak flowered, or put on its leaves (its

glad Events), what shout of proclamation could there be? Hardly from the most observant a word of recognition. These things *befell* not, they were slowly *done*; not in an hour, but through the flight of days: what was to be said of it? This hour seemed altogether as the last was, as the next would be.

It is thus everywhere that foolish Rumour babbles not of what was done, but of what was misdone or undone; and foolish History (ever, more or less, the written epitomised synopsis of Rumour) knows so little that were not as well unknown. Attila, Invasions, Walter-the-Penniless, Crusades, Sicilian, Vespers, Thirty-Years Wars: mere sin and misery; not work, but hindrance of work! For the Earth, all this while, was yearly

green and yellow with her kind harvests ; the hand of the craftsman, the mind of the thinker rested not : and so, after all, and in spite of all, we have this so glorious high-domed blossoming World ; concerning which poor History may well ask, with wonder, Whence *it* came ? She knows so little of it, knows so much of what obstructed it, what would have rendered it impossible. Such, nevertheless, by necessity or foolish choice, is her rule and practice ; whereby that paradox, "Happy the people whose annals are vacant," is not without its true side.

French Revolution.

June 8th.

Think, would *we* believe, and take with us as our life-guidance, an allegory,

a poetic sport? Not sport but earnest is what we should require. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world; to die is not sport for a man. Man's life never was a sport to him; it was a stern reality, altogether a serious matter to be alive!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 9th.

Valiant Wisdom tilling and draining; escorted by owl-eyed Pedantry, by owl-ish and vulturish and many other forms of Folly; the valiant husbandman assiduously tilling: the blind greedy enemy *too* assiduously sowing tares!

Past and Present.

June 10th.

All that he does, and brings to pass, is the vesture of a thought. This London

City, with all its houses, palaces, steam-engines, cathedrals, and huge immeasurable traffic and tumult, what is it but a Thought, but millions of Thoughts made into One;—a huge immeasurable Spirit of a THOUGHT, embodied in brick, in iron, smoke, dust, Palaces, Parliaments, Hackney Coaches, Katherine Docks, and the rest of it! Not a brick was made but some man had to *think* of the making of that brick.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 11th.

No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with

faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 12th.

First get your man; all is got: he can learn to do all things, from making boots, to decreeing judgments, governing communities; and will do them like a man. Catch your no-man—alas, have you not caught the terriblest Tartar in the world! Perhaps all the terribler, the quieter and

gentler he looks. For the mischief that one blockhead, that every blockhead does, in a world so feracious, teeming with endless results are ours, no ciphering will sum up.

Past and Present.

June 13th.

How delicate, decent English Biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles' sword of *Respectability* hangs forever over the poor English Life-writer (as it does over poor English Life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, "There are no English lives worth reading except those of Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden Respectability good-day." The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his

Man's Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong.

Sir Walter Scott.

June 14th.

The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man's success in the world, or of man's duties to man; and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed.

Past and Present.

June 15th.

Faults? The greatest of faults, I should say, is to be conscious of none.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 16th.

When an individual is miserable, what does it most of all behove him to do? To complain of this man or of that, of this thing or of that? To fill the world and street with lamentation, objugation? Not so at all; the reverse of so. All moralists advise him not to complain of any person or of any thing, but of himself only. He is to know of a truth that being miserable he has been unwise, he. Had he faithfully followed Nature and her Laws, Nature, ever true to her Laws, would have yielded fruit and increase and felicity to him: but he has followed other than Nature's Laws; and now Nature, her patience with him being ended, leaves him desolate; answers with very em-

phatic significance to him: No. Not by this road, my son; by another road shalt thou attain well-being: this, thou perceivest is the road to ill-being; quit this! —So do all moralists advise: that the man penitently say to himself first of all, Behold I was not wise enough; I quitted the laws of Fact, which are also called the Laws of God, and mistook them for the Laws of Sham and Semblance, which are called the Devil's Laws; therefore am I here!

Past and Present.

June 17th.

Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration, kindled round a man; *showing* what is in him; not putting the smallest item more into

him; often abstracting much from him; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum*!

Sir Walter Scott.

June 18th.

A man preaching from his earnest *soul* into the earnest *souls* of men: is not this virtually the essence of all Churches whatsoever? The nakedest, savagest, reality I say, is preferable to any semblance, however dignified. Besides, it will clothe itself with *due* semblance by and by, if it be real. No fear of that; actually no fear at all. Given the living *man*, there will be found *clothes* for him; he will find himself clothes.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 19th.

When was a god found "agreeable" to everybody? The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods,—and then take to braying over them, still in a very long-eared manner!

Past and Present.

June 20th.

I say, this is yet the only true morality known. A man is right and invincible, virtuous and on the road towards sure conquest, precisely while he joins himself to the great deep Law of the World, in spite of all superficial laws, temporary appearances, profit-and-loss calculations;

he is victorious while he cooperates with that great central Law, not victorious otherwise:—and surely his first chance of cooperating with it, or getting into the course of it, is to know with his whole soul that it *is*; that it is good, and alone good!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 21st.

But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay properly Conviction is not possible till then; inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices: only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system.

Sartor Resartus.

June 22d.

Double, double, toil and trouble; that is the life of all governors that really govern: not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs.

Past and Present.

June 23d.

Has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every clime and age, that the WHERE and WHEN, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the Seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial EVERYWHERE and FOREVER: have not all nations conceived their God as Omnipresent and Eternal; as existing in a universe HERE, an everlasting NOW?

Think well, thou too wilt find that Space is but a mode of our human Sense, so likewise Time; there *is* no Space and no Time: WE are—we know not what;—light sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!

Sartor Resartus.

June 24th.

Is not all work of man in this world a *making of Order*? The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We all are born enemies of Disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling: for the Great Man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 25th.

This green flowery rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what *is* it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us, encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud “electricity,” and

lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk : but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us ; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle ; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 26th.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accidental one,

here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death! In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God.

Past and Present.

June 27th.

Observe, however, that of man's whole terrestrial possessions and attainments, unspeakably the noblest are his Symbols, divine or divine-seeming; under which he marches and fights, with victorious assurance, in his life-battle: what we can call his Realized Ideals. Of which realized ideals, omitting the rest, consider only these two: his Church, or spiritual

Guidance; his Kingship, or temporal one. The Church: what a word was there; richer than Golconda and the treasures of the world! In the heart of the remotest mountains rises the little Kirk; the Dead all slumbering round it, under their white memorial-stones, "in hope of a happy resurrection:"—dull wert thou, O Reader, if never in any hour (say of moaning midnight, when such Kirk hung spectral in the sky, and Being was as if swallowed up of Darkness) it spoke to thee—things unspeakable, that went into thy soul's soul. Strong was he that had a Church, what we can call a Church: he stood thereby, though "in the centre of Immensities, in the conflux of Eternities," yet manlike towards God and man; the vague shoreless Universe had

become for him a firm city, and dwelling which he knew. Such virtue was in Belief; in these words, well spoken: I *believe*. Well might men prize their *Credo*, and raise stateliest Temples for it, and reverend Hierarchies, and give it the tithe of their substance; it was worth living for and dying for.

French Revolution.

June 28th.

No man works save under conditions. The sculptor cannot set his own free Thought before us; but his Thought as he could translate it into the stone that was given with the tools that were given. *Disjecta membra* are all that we find of any Poet, or of any man.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

June 29th.

Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, howsoever we name this grand unnameable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and do them; a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not, it will answer itself; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws.

Past and Present.

June 30th.

But of those decadent ages in which no Ideal either grows or blossoms? When Belief and Loyalty have passed away, and only the cant and false echo of them remains; and all Solemnity has

become Pageantry; and the Creed of persons in authority has become one of two things: an Imbecility or a Macchiavelism? Alas, of these ages World-History can take no notice; they have to become compressed more and more, and finally suppressed in the Annals of Mankind; blotted out as spurious,—which indeed they are. Hapless ages: wherein, if ever in any, it is an unhappiness to be born. To be born, and to learn only, by every tradition and example, that God's Universe is Belial's and a Lie; and "the Supreme Quack" the hierarch of men! In which mournfulest faith, nevertheless, do we not see whole generations (two, and sometimes even three successively) live, what they call living; and vanish,—without chance of reappearance?

French Revolution.

JULY

July 1st.

Nay, instead of shrieking more, it were perhaps edifying to remark, on the other side, what a singular thing Customs (in Latin, *Mores*) are; and how fitly the Virtue, *Vir-tus*, Manhood or Worth, that is in a man, is called his *Morality*, or *Customariness*. Fell Slaughter, one of the most authentic products of the Pit you would say, once give it Customs, becomes War, with Laws of War; and is Customary and Moral enough; and red individuals carry the tools of it girt round their haunches, not without an air of pride, —which do thou nowise blame. While, see! so long as it is but dressed in

hodden and russet; and revolution, less frequent than War, has not yet got its Laws of Revolution, but the hodden or russet individuals are Uncustomary—O shrieking beloved brother block-heads of Mankind, let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking, and begin considering!

French Revolution.

July 2d.

Again, what meaning lies in Colour! From the soberest drab to the high-flaming scarlet, spiritual idiosyncrasies unfold themselves in choice of Colour; if the Cut betoken Intellect and Talent, so does the Colour betoken Temper and Heart. In all which, among nations as among individuals, there is an

incessant, indubitable, though infinitely complex working of Cause and Effect; every snip of the Scissors has been regulated and prescribed by ever-active Influences, which doubtless to Intelligence of a superior order are neither invisible nor illegible.

Sartor Resartus.

July 3d.

Deep, far deeper than Supply-and-demand, are Laws, Obligations sacred as Man's Life itself: these also, if you will continue to do work, you shall now learn and obey. He that will learn them, behold nature is on his side, he shall yet work and prosper with noble rewards. He that will not learn them, Nature is against him; he

shall not be able to work in Nature's empire,—not in hers. Perpetual mutiny, contention, hatred, isolation, execration shall wait on his footsteps, till all men discern that the thing which he attains, however golden it look or be, is not success, but the want of success.

Past and Present.

July 4th.

Borne over the Atlantic, to the closing ear of Louis, King by the Grace of God, what sounds are these: muffled, ominous new in our centuries? Boston Harbour is black with unexpected Tea: behold a Pennsylvania Congress gather, and ere long, on Bunker Hill. Democracy announcing, in rifle-volleys

death winged, under her Star Banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind like, will envelope the whole earth!

French Revolution.

July 5th.

One monster there is in the world: the idle man. What is his "Religion?"

Past and Present.

July 6th.

No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-wor-

ship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all heroes is One—whom we do not name here. Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

July 7th.

Thus, in spite of all Motive-grinders, and Mechanical Profit-and-Loss Philosophies, with the sick ophthalmia and hallucination they had brought on, was the Infinite nature of Duty still dimly present to me; living without God in

the world, of God's light I was not utterly bereft; if my as yet sealed eyes, with their unspeakable longing, could nowhere see him, nevertheless in my heart He was present, and His heaven-written Law still stood legible and sacred there.

Sartor Resartus.

July 8th.

We have sumptuous garnitures for our Life, but have forgotten to *live* in the middle of them.

Past and Present.

July 9th.

Feudal Fleur-de-lys had become an insupportably bad marching banner, and needed to be torn and trampled: but Moneybag of Mammon (for that,

in these times, is what the respectable Republic for the Middle Classes will signify) is a still worse, while it lasts Properly, indeed, it is the worst and basest of all banners, and symbols of dominion among men; and indeed is possible only in a time of general Atheism, and Unbelief in any thing save in brute Force and Sensualism; pride of birth, pride of office, any known kind of pride being a degree better than purse-pride.

French Revolution.

July 10th.

Bribery: have we reflected what bribery is? Bribery means not only length of purse, which is neither qualification nor the contrary for legislating well; but it means dishonesty, and even

impudent dishonesty;—brazen insensibility to lying and to making others lie; total oblivion, and flinging overboard, for the nonce, of any real thing you can call veracity, morality; with dexterous putting on the cast-clothes of that real thing, and strutting about in them!

Past and Present.

July 11th.

The colours and forms of your light will be those of the *cut-glass* it has to shine through.—Curious to think how, for every man, any the truest fact is modelled by the nature of the man? I said, The earnest man, speaking to his brother men, must always have stated what seemed to him a *fact*, a real Appearance of Nature. But the

way in which such Appearance or fact shaped itself,—what sort of *fact* it became for him,—was and is modified by his own laws of thinking; deep, subtle, but universal, ever-operating laws. The world of nature, for every man, is the Fantasy of Himself; this world is the multiplex “Image of his own Dream.”

Heroes and Hero Worship.

July 12th.

It is written, “Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.” Surely the plain rule is, Let each considerate person have his way, and see what it will lead to. For not this man and that man, but all men make up mankind, and their united tasks the tasks of mankind. How

often have we seen some such adventurous, and perhaps much-censured wanderer light on some outlying, neglected, yet vitally momentous province; the hidden treasures of which he first discovered, and kept proclaiming till the general eye and effort were directed thither, and the conquest was completed;—thereby, in these his seemingly so aimless rambles, planting new standards, founding new habitable colonies, in the immeasurable circumambient realm of Nothingness and Night? Wise man was he who counselled that Speculation should have free course, and look fearlessly towards all the thirty-two points of the compass, whithersoever and howsoever it listed.

Sartor Resartus.

July 13th.

And so our meetings and our partings do now end! The sorrows we gave each other; the poor joys we faithfully shared, and all our lovings and our sufferings, and confused toilings under the earthly Sun, are over. Thou good soul, I shall never, never through all ages of Time, see thee any more!—NEVER! O, Reader, knowest thou that hard word?

French Revolution.

July 14th.

To each is given a certain inward Talent, a certain outward Environment of Fortune; to each, by wisest combination of these two, a certain maximum of Capability. But the hardest problem were ever this first: To find by

study of yourself, and of the ground you stand on, what your combined inward and outward Capability specially is. For, alas, our young soul is all budding with Capabilities, and we see not yet which is the main and true one. Always too the new man is in a new time, under new conditions; his course can be the *fac-simile* of no prior one, but is by its nature original.

Sartor Resartus.

July 15th.

All human interests, combined human endeavours, and social growths in this world, have, at a certain stage of their development, required organising: and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.

Past and Present.

July 16th.

Find a man whose words paint you a likeness, you have found a man worth something; mark his manner of doing it, as very characteristic of him. In the first place, he could not have discerned the object at all, or seen the vital type of it, unless he had, what we may call, *sympathised* with it,—had sympathy in him to bestow on objects. He must have been *sincere* about it too; sincere and sympathetic: a man without worth cannot give you the likeness of any object; he dwells in vague outwardness, fallacy and trivial hearsay, about all objects. And indeed may we not say that intellect altogether expresses itself in this power of discerning what an object is? Whatsoever of faculty a man's mind may have

will come out here. Is it even of business, a matter to be done? The gifted man is he who *sees* the essential point, and leaves all the rest aside as surplusage: it is his faculty too, the man of business's faculty, that he can discern the true *likeness*, not the false superficial one, of the thing he has got to work in. And how much of *morality* is in the kind of insight we get of anything; "the eye seeing in all things what it brought with it the faculty of seeing!" To the mean eye all things are trivial, as certainly as to the jaundiced they are yellow.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

July 17th.

How dare any man, especially a man calling himself minister of God, stand

up in any Parliament or place, under any pretext or delusion, and for a day or an hour forbid God's Light to come into the world, and bid the Devil's Darkness continue in it one hour more! For all light and science, under all shapes, in all degrees of perfection, is of God; all darkness, nescience, is of the Enemy of God.

Past and Present.

July 18th.

O ye Hypocrisies and Speciosities, Royal mantles, Cardinal plushcloaks, ye Cremos, Formulas, Respectabilities, fair-painted Sepulchres full of dead men's bones,—behold, ye appear to us to be altogether a Lie. Yet our Life is not a Lie; yet our Hunger and Misery is not a Lie! Behold we lift up, one and all,

our Twenty-five million right-hands; and take the Heavens, and the Earth and also the Pit of Tophet to witness, that either ye shall be abolished, or else we shall be abolished!

French Revolution.

July 19th.

I confess I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men. The Poet who could merely sit on a chair, and compose stanzas, would never make a stanza worth much. He could not sing the Heroic warrior, unless he himself were at least a Heroic warrior too. I fancy there is in him the Politician, the Thinker, Legislator, Philosopher:—in one or the other degree, he could have been, he is all these.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

July 20th.

"What is Justice?" ask many, to whom cruel Fate alone will be able to prove responsive. It is like jesting Pilate asking, What is Truth? Jestings Pilate had not the smallest chance to ascertain what was Truth. He could not have known it, had a god shown it to him. Thick serene opacity, thicker than amaurosis, veiled those smiling eyes of his to Truth; the inner *retina* of them was gone paralytic, dead. He looked at Truth; and discerned her not, there where she stood.

Past and Present.

July 21st.

So true it is, what I then said, that *the Fraction of Life can be increased in value not so much by increasing your*

Numerator as by lessening your Denominator. Nay, unless my Algebra deceive me, *Unity* itself divided by *Zero* will give *Infinity*. Make thy claim of wages a zero, then; thou hast the world under thy feet. Well did the Wisest of our time write: "It is only with Renunciation (*Entsagen*) that Life, properly speaking, can be said to begin."

Sartor Resartus.

July 22d.

And yet, again, when a man's Formulas become *dead*; as all Formulas, in the progress of living growth, are very sure to do! When the poor man's integuments, no longer nourished from within, become dead skin, mere adscititious leather and callosity, wearing thicker

and thicker, uglier and uglier, till no *heart* any longer can be felt beating through them, so thick, callous, calcified are they; and all over it has now grown mere calcified oyster-shell, or were it polished mother-of-pearl, inwards almost to the very heart of the poor man:—yes then, you may say, his usefulness once more is quite obstructed; once more, he cannot go abroad and do business in the world; it is time that *he* take to bed and prepare for departure which cannot now be distant!

Ubi homines sunt modi sunt.

Past and Present.

July 23d.

Men's words are a poor exponent of their thought; nay their thought itself is

a poor exponent of the inward unnamed Mystery, wherefrom both thought and action have their birth. No man can explain himself, can get himself explained; men see not one another but distorted phantasms which they call one another; which they hate and go to battle with: for all battle is well said to be *misunderstanding*.

French Revolution.

July 24th.

Such I hold to be the genuine use of Gunpowder: that it makes all men alike tall. Nay, if thou be cooler, cleverer than I, if thou have more *Mind*, though all but no *Body* whatever, then canst thou kill me first, and art the taller. Hereby, at last, is the Goliath powerless,

and the David resistless ; savage Animalism is nothing, inventive Spiritualism is all.

Sartor Resartus.

July 25th.

Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-Tree of Existence, has its roots deep down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death ; its trunk reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe : it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit Three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future ; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its “boughs,” with their buddings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all

lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it;—or storm-tost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods. It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; “the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*.” Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfila the Mœsogoth only, but from ail men since the first man began to

speaking,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The “*Machine* of the Universe,”—alas, do but think of that in contrast!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

July 26th.

All visible things are Emblems; what thou seest is not there on its own account; strictly taken, is not there at all: Matter exists only spiritually, and to represent some Idea, and *body* it forth.

Sartor Resartus.

July 27th.

Enjoying things that are pleasant; that is not the evil; it is the reducing of our moral self to slavery by them that is. Let a man assert withal that he is

king over his habitudes; that he could and would shake them off, on cause shown: this is an excellent law.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

July 28th.

Not in having "no business" with men, but in having no unjust business with them, and in *having* all manner of true and just business, can either his or their blessedness be found possible, and this waste world become, for both parties, a home and peopled garden.

Past and Present.

July 29th.

The first spiritual want of a barbarous man is Decoration.

Sartor Resartus.

July 30th.

Labour must become a seeing rational giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things, —leaving his Mammonism, and several other adjuncts, on the lower steps of said throne.

Past and Present.

July 31st.

Mystical, more than magical, is that Communion of Soul with Soul, both looking heavenward: here properly Soul first speaks with Soul; for only in looking heavenward, take it in what sense you may, not in looking earthward, does what we can call Union, mutual Love, Society, begin to be possible.

Sartor Resartus.

AUGUST

August 1st.

What a man *kens* he *cans*. But the beginning of a man's doom is that vision be withdrawn from him; that he sees not the reality, but a false spectrum of the reality; and, following that, step darkly, with more or less velocity, downwards to the utter Dark; to Ruin, which is the great Sea of Darkness, whither all falsehoods, winding or direct, continually flow.

French Revolution.

August 2d.

O Heaven, it is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry each a future Ghost within him; but are, in very deed, Ghosts! These Limbs, whence

had we them; this stormy Force; this life-blood with its burning Passion? They are dust and shadow; a shadow-system gathered round our ME; wherein, through some moments or years the Divine Essence is to be revealed in the Flesh. That warrior on his strong war-horse, fire flashes through his eyes; force dwells in his arm and heart: but warrior and war-horse are a vision; a revealed Force, nothing more.

Sartor Resartus.

August 3d.

This Universe, ah me—what could the wild man know of it; what can we yet know? That it is a Force and Thousandfold Complexity of Forces; a Force which is *not we*. That is all; it is not

we, it is altogether different from *us*. Force, Force, everywhere Force ; we ourselves a mysterious Force in the centre of that. "There is not a leaf rotting on the highway but has Force in it : how else could it rot ?" Nay surely, to the Atheistic Thinker, if such a one were possible, it must be a miracle too, this huge illimitable whirlwind of Force, which envelops us here ; never-resting whirlwind, high as Immensity, old as Eternity. What is it ? God's creation, the religious people answer ; it is the Almighty God's ! Atheistic science babbles poorly of it, with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled-up in Leyden jars and sold over counters : but the natural sense of man, in all times, if he will earnestly

apply his sense, proclaims it to be a living thing,—ah, an unspeakable, god-like thing; towards which the best attitude for us, after never so much science, is awe, devout prostration and humility of soul; worship if not in words, then in silence.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 4th.

Your cotton-spinning and thrice-miraculous mechanism, what is this too, by itself, but a larger kind of Animalism? Spiders can spin, Beavers can build, and show contrivance; the Ant lays up accumulation of capital, and has, for aught I know, a Bank of Antland. If there is no soul in man higher than all that, did it reach to sailing on the cloud-rack

and spinning sea-sand ; then I say, man is but an animal, a more cunning kind of brute : he has no soul.

Past and Present.

'August 5th.

Without hands a man might have feet, and could still walk ; but, consider it, without morality, intellect were impossible for him ; he could not know anything at all ! To know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it : that is, be *virtuously* related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous-true at every turn, how shall he know ? His virtues, all of them, will lie recorded in his knowledge. Na-

ture, with her truth, remains to the bad, to the selfish and pusillanimous forever a sealed book: what such can know of Nature is mean, superficial small; for the uses of the day merely. But does not the very Fox know something of Nature? Exactly so: it knows where the geese lodge!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 6th.

But on the whole does not TIME envelop this present National Convention; as it did those Brennuses, and ancient August Senates in felt breeches? Time surely; and also Eternity. Dim dusk of Time,—or noon which will be dusk; and then there is night, and silence; and Time with all its sick noises is swallowed

in the still sea. Pity thy brother, O Son of Adam! The angriest frothy jargon that he utters, is it not properly the whimpering of an infant which cannot *speake* what ails it, but is in distress clearly, in the inwards of it; and so must squall and whimper continually, till its Mother take, and it get—to sleep!

French Revolution.

'August 7th.

Among the rainbow colours that glowed on my horizon, lay even in childhood a dark ring of Care, as yet no thicker than a thread, and often quite overshadowed; yet always it reappeared, nay ever waxing broader and broader; till in after-years it almost overshadowed my whole canopy, and threatened to engulf

me in final night. It was the ring of Necessity, whereby we all are begirt; happy he for whom a kind heavenly Sun brightens it into a ring of Duty, and plays round it with beautiful prismatic diffractions; yet ever, as basis and as bourne for our whole being, it is there.

Sartor Resartus.

'August 8th.

The Bucanier strikes down a man, a hundred or a million men: but what profits it? He has one enemy never to be struck down; nay two enemies: Mankind and the Maker of Men. On the great scale or on the small, in fighting of men or fighting of difficulties, I will not embark my venture with Howel Davies: It is not the Bucanier, it is the

Hero only that can gain victory, that can do more than *seem* to succeed. These things will deserve meditating; for they apply to all battle and soldiership, all struggle and effort whatsoever in this Fight of Life.

Past and Present.

August 9th.

That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven!

Sartor Resartus.

August 10th.

To shriek, we say, when certain things are acted, is proper and unavoidable. Nevertheless, articulate speech, not shrieking, is the faculty of man: when speech is not yet possible, let there be, with the shortest delay, at least—silence.

French Revolution.

August 11th.

For the gowns of learned-sergeants are good: parchment records, fixed forms, and poor terrestrial Justice, with or without horse-hair, what sane man will not reverence these? And yet, behold, the man is not sane but insane, who considers these alone as venerable. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned-sergeant elo-

quence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains, Was the judgment just? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbour for itself, or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than One Unjust.

Past and Present.

August 12th.

In Death too, in the Death of the Just, as the last perfection of a Work of Art, may we not discern symbolic meaning? In that divinely transfigured Sleep, as of Victory, resting over the beloved face which now knows thee no more, read (if thou canst for tears) the confluence

of Time with Eternity, and some gleam of the latter peering through.

Sartor Resartus.

August 13th.

What indeed are faculties? We talk of faculties as if they were distinct, things separable; as if a man had intellect, imagination, fancy, &c., as he has hands, feet and arms. That is a capital error. Then again, we hear of a man's "intellectual nature," and of his "moral nature," as these again were divisible, and existed apart. Necessities of language do indeed require us so to speak: we must speak, I am aware, in this way, if we are to speak at all. But words ought not to harden into things for us. It seems to me, our apprehension of this

matter is, for most part, radically falsified thereby. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but *names*; that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with each other, physiognomically related; that if we knew one of them we might know all of them. Morality itself, what we call the moral quality of a man, what is this but another *side* of the one Vital Force whereby he is and works? All that a man does is physiognomical of him. *You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he*

sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes. He is ONE; and preaches the same Self abroad in all these ways.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 14th.

“Well, also,” says he elsewhere, “was it written by Theologians: a King rules by divine right. He carries in him an authority from God, or man will never give it him. Can I choose my own King? I can choose my own King Popinjay, and play what farce or tragedy I may with him: but he who is to be my Ruler, whose will is to be higher than my will, was chosen for me in Heaven. Neither

except in such Obedience to the Heaven-chosen is Freedom so much as conceivable.”

Sartor Resartus.

August 15th.

This business of Louis looks altogether different now, as seen over Seas and at the distance of forty-four years, than it looked then, in France, and struggling, confused all round one! For indeed it is a most lying thing that same Past Tense always: so beautiful, sad, almost Elysian-sacred, “in the moonlight of Memory,” it seems; and *seems* only. For observe: always, one most important element is surreptitiously (we not noticing it) withdrawn from the Past Time: the haggard element of Fear! Not *there*

does Fear dwell, nor Uncertainty, nor Anxiety; but it dwells *here*; haunting us, tracking us; running like an accursed ground-discord through all the music-tones of our Existence;—making the Tense a more Present one! Just so is it with this of Louis. Why smite the fallen? asks Magnanimity, out of danger now.

French Revolution.

August 16th.

Thus does the Conscience of man project itself athwart whatsoever of knowledge or surmise, of imagination, understanding, faculty, acquirement, or natural disposition he has in him; and, like light through coloured glass, paint strange pictures “on the rim of the horizon”

and elsewhere! Truly this same "sense of the Infinite nature of Duty" is the central part of all with us; a ray as of Eternity and Immortality, immured in dusky many-coloured Time, and its deaths and births. Your "coloured glass" varies so much from century to century;—and, in certain money-making, game-preserving centuries, it gets so terribly opaque! Not a Heaven with cherubim surrounds you then, but a kind of vacant leaden-coloured Hell. One day it will again cease to be *opaque*, this "coloured glass." Nay, may it not become at once translucent and *uncoloured*? Painting no Pictures more for us, but only the everlasting Azure itself? That will be a right glorious consummation!

Past and Present.

August 17th.

“Truth,” I cried, “though the Heavens crush me for following her: no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of Apostacy.”

Sartor Resartus.

August 18th.

It is a calumny on men to say that they are aroused to heroic action by ease, hope of pleasure, recompense—sugar-plums of any kind, in this world or the next! In the meanest mortal there lies something nobler. The poor swearing soldier, hired to be shot, has his “honour of a soldier,” different from drill-regulations and the shilling a day. It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and

true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a god-made Man, that the poorest Son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest daydrudge kindles into a hero. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the *allurements* that act on the heart of man. Kindle the inner genial life of him, you have a flame that burns-up all lower considerations. Not happiness, but something higher: one sees this even in the frivolous classes, with their "point of honour" and the like. Not by flattering our appetites; no, by awakening the Heroic that slumbers in every heart, can any Religion gain followers.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 19th.

“Custom,” continues the Professor, “doth make dotards of us all. Consider well, thou wilt find that Custom is the greatest of Weavers; and weaves air-raidment for all the Spirits of the Universe; whereby indeed these dwell with us visibly, as ministering servants, in our houses and workshops; but their spiritual nature becomes, to the most, for ever hidden. Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first; that we do every thing by Custom, even Believe by it; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Free-thinking as we may, are oftenest simply such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned. Nay, what is Philosophy throughout but a continual battle against Custom; an ever-renewed

effort to *transcend* the sphere of blind Custom, and so become Transcendental?"

Sartor Resartus.

August 20th.

It has been written, "An endless significance lies in Work;" a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sort of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work!

Past and Present.

August 21st.

Living! Little knowest thou what alchemy is in an inventive Soul; how, as

with its little finger, it can create provision enough for the body (of a Philosopher) ; and then, as with both hands, create quite other than provision ; namely, spectres to torment itself withal.

Sartor Resartus.

August 22d.

All substances clothe themselves in forms : but there are suitable true forms, and then there are untrue unsuitable. As the briefest definition, one might say, Forms which *grow* round a substance, if we rightly understand that, will correspond to the real nature and purport of it, will be true, good ; forms which are consciously *put* round a substance, bad. I invite you to reflect on this It distinguishes true from false in Ceremonial

Form, earnest solemnity from empty pageant, in all human things.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 23d.

Law is our father and mother, whom we will not dishonour ; but Patriotism is our own soul.

French Revolution.

August 24th.

Dupes indeed are many : but, of all *dupes*, there is none so fatally situated as he who lives in an undue terror of being duped. The world does exist ; the world has truth in it, or it would not exist ! First recognize what is true, we shall *then* discern what is false, and properly never till then.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 25th.

✓ To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautiful, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one.

Past and Present.

August 26th.

There must be a veracity, a natural spontaneity in forms. In the commonest meeting of men, a person making, what we call, "set speeches," is not he an offense? In the mere drawing-room, whatsoever courtesies you see to be grimaces, prompted by no spontaneous reality

within, are a thing you wish to get away from.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 27th.

Produce! Produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost that thou hast in thee; out with it then. Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might. Work while it is called To-day, for the Night cometh wherein no man can work.

Past and Present.

August 28th.

What then is this Thing, called *La Revolution*, which, like an Angel of Death, hangs over France, noyading,

fusillating, fighting, gun-boring, tanning human skins? *La Révolution* is but so many Alphabetic Letters; a thing nowhere to be laid hands on, to be clapt under lock and key: where is it? what is it? It is the Madness that dwells in the hearts of men. In this man it is, and in that man; as a rage or as a terror, it is in all men. Invisible, impalpable; and yet no black Azrael, with wings spread over half a continent, with sword sweeping from sea to sea, could be a truer Reality.

French Revolution.

August 29th.

The inventive genius of great England will not forever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps and billy-rollers whirring in the head of it.

The inventive genius of England is not a Beaver's, or a Spinner's, or Spider's genius: it is a *Man's* genius I hope, with a God over him!

Past and Present.

August 30th.

✓ And yet, I say, there is an irrepressible tendency in every man to develop himself according to the magnitude which Nature has made him of; to speak out, to act out, what Nature has laid in him. This is proper, fit, inevitable; nay, it is a duty, and even the summary of duties for a man. The meaning of life here on earth might be defined as consisting in this: To unfold your *self*, to work what thing you have the faculty for. It is a necessity for the human being, the first law of our existence.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

August 31st.

Who can hinder it; who is there that can clutch into the wheel-spokes of Destiny, and say to the Spirit of Time: Turn back, I command thee?—Wiser were it that we yielded to the Inevitable and Inexorable, and accounted even this the best.

Sartor Resartus.

SEPTEMBER

September 1st.

That the French Nation has believed, for several years now, in the possibility, nay certainty and near advent, of a universal Millenium, or reign of Freedom, Equality, Fraternity, wherein man should be the brother of man, and sorrow and sin flee away? Not bread to eat, nor soap to wash with; and the reign of perfect Felicity ready to arrive, due always since the Bastile fell! How did our hearts burn within us, at the Feast of Pikes, when brother flung himself on brother's bosom; and in sunny jubilee, Twenty-five millions burst forth into sound and cannon-smoke! Bright was our Hope then, as sunlight; red-angry is our Hope grown now, as consuming

fire. But, O Heavens, what enchantment is it, or devilish legerdemain, of such effect, that Perfect Felicity, always within arm's length could never be laid hold of, but only in her stead Controversy and Scarcity? This set of traitors after that set! Tremble, ye traitors; dread a People which calls itself patient, long-suffering; but which cannot always submit to have its pocket picked, in this way,—of a Millenium!

French Revolution.

September 2d.

How a man, of some wide thing that he has witnessed, will construct a narrative, what kind of picture and delineation he will give of it,—is the best measure you could get of what intellect is in the man. Which circumstance is vital and

shall stand prominent; which unessential, fit to be suppressed; where is the true *beginning*, the true sequence and ending? To find out this you task the whole force of insight that is in the man. He must *understand* the thing; according to the depth of his understanding, will the fitness of his answer be. You will try him so. Does like join itself to like; the spirit of method stir in that confusion, so that its embroilment becomes order? Can the man say, *Fiat lux*, Let there be light; and out of chaos make a world? Precisely as there is *light* in himself, will he accomplish this.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

September 3d.

Our Wilderness is the Wide World
in an Atheistic Century; our Forty Days

are long years of suffering and fasting: nevertheless, to these also comes an end. Yes, to me also was given, if not the Victory, yet the consciousness of Battle, and the resolve to persevere therein while life or faculty is left. To me, also, entangled in the enchanted forests, demon-peopled, doleful of sight and of sound, it was given, after weariest wanderings, to work out my way into the higher sunlit slopes—of that Mountain which has no summit, or whose summit is in Heaven only!

Sartor Resartus.

September 4th.

Hast thou looked on the Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects;

old as the Prophet Ezechiel and far older? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel; reduced to making dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish; not a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered,

amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour! Let the idle think of this.

Past and Present.

September 5th.

Alas then, is man's civilization only a wrappage, through which the savage nature of him can still burst, infernal as ever? Nature still makes him; and has an Infernal in her as well as a Celestial.

French Revolution.

September 6th.

But that an Infinite of Practical Importance, speaking with strict arithmetical exactness, an *Infinite*, has vanished or can vanish from the Life of any Man: this thou shalt not believe! O brother, the Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity,

did it not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable? Came it never, like the gleam of *preternatural* eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, farsounding through thy heart of hearts? Never? Alas, it was not thy Liberalism then; it was thy Animalism! The Infinite is most sure than any other fact.

Past and Present.

September 7th.

It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor: we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we name our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the Heavens

send Sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky cribs, a clear dewy heaven of Rest envelops him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted Dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but, only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation.

Sartor Resartus.

September 8th.

These old St. Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with phantasms; but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell here, and meditate on an Eter-

nity, in such fashion as we could? Alas, how like an old osseous fragment, a broken blackened shin-bone of the old dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil; still indicating what a once gigantic Life lies buried there! It is dead now, and dumb; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations, here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle,—looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers; and men, of many humours, various thoughts, chanted vespers, matins;—and round the little islet of their life rolled forever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* eternal hues and reflexes; making

strange prophetic music! How silent now; all departed, clean gone. The World-Dramaturgist has written: *Exeunt.*

Past and Present.

September 9th.

So many centuries, say only from Hugh Capet downwards, had been adding together, century transmitting it with increase to century, the sum of Wickedness, of Falsehood, Oppression of man by man. Kings were sinners, and Priests were, and People. Open-Scoundrels rode triumphant, bediademed, becoronnetted, bemitred; or the still fataller species of Secret-Scoundrels, in their fair-sounding formulas, speciosities, respectabilities, hollow within: the race of Quacks was grown many as the sands of

the sea. Till at length such a sum of Quackery had accumulated itself as, in brief, the Earth and the Heavens were weary of. Slow seemed the Day of Settlement: coming on, all imperceptible, across the bluster and fanfaronade of Courtierisms, Conquering - Heroisms, Most-Christian *Grand Monarque*-isms, Well-beloved Pompadourisms: yet behold it was always coming; behold it has come, suddenly, unlooked for by any man! The harvest of long centuries was ripening and whitening so rapidly of late; and now it is grown *white*, and is reaped rapidly, as it were, in one day. Reaped in this Reign of Terror; and carried home, to Hades and the Pit!—Unhappy Sons of Adam: it is ever so; and never do they know it, nor will they

know it. With cheerfully smoothed countenances, day after day, and generation after generation, they, calling cheerfully to one another, "Well-speed-ye," are at work, *sowing the wind*. And yet, as God lives, they *shall reap the whirlwind*: no other thing, we say, is possible, —since God is Truth and His World is a Truth.

French Revolution.

September 10th.

Happily no bygone German, or man, rises again; thus the Present is not needlessly trammelled with the Past; and only grows out of it, like a Tree, whose roots are not intertangled with its branches, but lie peaceably under ground. Nay, it is very mournful, yet not useless, to see and know, how the Greatest and

Dearest, in a short while, would find his place quite filled up here, and no room for him: the very Napoleon, the very Byron, in some seven years, has become obsolete, and were now a foreigner to his Europe. Thus is the Law of Progress secured; and in Clothes, as in all other external things whatsoever, no fashion will continue.

Sartor Resartus.

September 11th.

The craftsman there, the smith with that metal of his, with these tools, with these cunning methods,—how little of all he does is properly *his* work! All past inventive men work with him:—as indeed with all of us, in all things. Dante is the spokesman of the Middle Ages; the Thought they lived by stands

here, in everlasting music. These sublime ideas of his, terrible and beautiful, are the fruit of the Christian Meditation of all the good men who had gone before him.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

September 12th.

Sublimier in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now any where be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

Sartor Resartus.

September 13th.

A man in no case has liberty to tell lies
It had been, in the long run, *better* for

Napoleon too if he had not told any. In fact, if a man have any purpose reaching beyond the hour and day, meant to be found extant *next* day, what good can it ever be to promulgate lies? The lies are found out; ruinous penalty is exacted for them. No man will believe the liar next time even when he speaks truth, when it is of the last importance that he be believed. The old cry of wolf!—A lie is *no*-thing; you cannot of nothing make something; you make *nothing* at last and lose your labour into the bargain.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

September 14th.

But how is it then with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes nor makes off?

She is lamed, she cannot make off ; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft, from victorious enemies ; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the Sea ; yet we also, are we weak ? Lo ! all flags, steamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft : the whole crew crowds to the upper deck ; and, with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl ; Ocean yawns abysmal : down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable into Eternity ! Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unconquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man : let Despots and Slaves and all people know this,

and only them that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it.

French Revolution.

September 15th

To shape the whole future is not our problem; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do: this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours.

Past and Present.

September 16th.

Hast thou ever meditated on that word Tradition: how we inherit not Life only,

but all the garniture and form of Life; and work, and speak, and even think and feel, as our Fathers, and primeval grandfathers, from the beginning have given it us?

Sartor Resartus.

September 17th.

They were Poets too, that devised all those graceful courtesies which make life noble! Courtesy is not a falsehood or grimace; it need not be such. And Loyalty, religious Worship itself, are still possible; nay still inevitable.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

September 18th.

Hast thou not Greek enough to understand thus much: *The end of Man is in*

Action, and not a Thought, though it were the noblest?

Sartor Resartus.

September 19th.

But our work,—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished: our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains;—for endless Times and Eternities, remains; and that is now the sole question with us forevermore! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantasms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast thou done, and how? Happiness, Unhappiness: all that was but the *wages* thou hadst; thou hast spent all that, in sustain-

ing thyself hitherward ; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten : and now thy work, where is thy work ? Swift, out with it, let us see thy work !

Past and Present.

September 20th.

For a man, once committed headlong to republican or any other Transcendentalism, and fighting and fanaticising amid a Nation of his like, becomes as it were enveloped in an ambient atmosphere of Transcendentalism and Delirium : his individual self is lost in something that is not himself, but foreign though inseparable from him. Strange to think of, the man's cloak still seems to hold the same man : and yet the man is not there,

his volition is not there; nor the source of what he will do and devise; instead of the man and his volition there is a piece of Fanaticism and Fatalism incarnated in the shape of him. He, the hapless incarnated Fanaticism, goes his road; no man can help him, he himself least of all. It is a wonderful tragical predicament;—such as human language, unused to deal with these things, being contrived for the uses of common life, struggles to shadow out in figures. The ambient element of material fire is not wilder than this of Fanaticism; nor, though visible to the eye, is it more real. Volition bursts forth involuntarily—voluntary; rapt along; the movement of free human minds becomes a raging tornado of fatalism, blind as the winds; and

Mountain and Gironde, when they recover themselves, are alike astounded to see *where* it has flung and dropped them. To such height of miracle can men work on men; the Conscious and the Unconscious blended inscrutably in this our inscrutable Life; endless Necessity environing Freewill!

French Revolution.

September 21st.

Wheresoever Disorder may stand or lie, let it have a care; here is the man that has declared war with it, that never will make peace with it. Man is the Missionary of Order; he is the servant not of the Devil and Chaos, but of God and the Universe! Let all sluggards and cowards, remiss, false-spoken, un-

just, and otherwise diabolic persons have a care : this is a dangerous man for them.

Past and Present.

September 22d.

Beautiful it is to understand and know that a Thought did never yet die ; that as thou, the originator thereof, has gathered it and created it from the whole Past, so thou wilt transmit it to the whole Future. It is thus that the heroic Heart, the seeing Eye of the first times, still feels and sees in us of the latest ; that the Wise Man stands ever encompassed, and spiritually embraced, by a cloud of witnesses and brothers ; and there is a living, literal *Communion of Saints*, wide as the World itself, and as the History of the World.

Sartor Resartus.

September 23d.

The Reformation might bring what results it liked when it came, but the Reformation simply could not help coming. To all Popes and Popes' advocates, expostulating, lamenting and accusing, the answer of the world is: Once for all, your Popehood has become untrue. No matter how good it was, how good you say it is, we cannot believe it; the light of our whole mind, given us to walk by from Heaven above, finds it henceforth a thing unbelievable. We will not believe it, we will not try to believe it,—we dare not! The thing is *untrue*; we were traitors against the Giver of all Truth, if we durst pretend to think it true. Away with it; let whatsoever likes come

in the place of it : with *it* we can have no farther trade !

Heroes and Hero Worship.

September 24th.

Man is a Tool-using Animal (*Hanthierendes Thier*). Weak in himself, and of small stature, he stands on a basis, at most for the flattest-soled, of some half-square foot, insecurely enough ; has to straddle out his legs, lest the very wind supplant him. Feeblest of bipeds ! Three quintals are a crushing load for him ; the Steer of the meadows tosses him aloft, like a waste rag. Nevertheless he can use Tools, can devise Tools : with these the granite mountain melts into light dust before him ; he kneads glowing iron, as if it were soft paste ; seas are his smooth highway, winds and fire his un-

wearying steeds. Nowhere do you find him without Tools; without Tools he is nothing, with Tools he is all.

Sartor Resartus.

September 25th.

Yes, Reader, here is the miracle. Out of that putrescent rubbish of Scepticism, Sensualism, Sentimentalism, hollow Machiavelism, such a Faith has verily risen; flaming in the heart of a People. A whole People, awakening as it were to consciousness in deep misery, believes that it is within reach of a Fraternal Heaven-on-Earth. With longing arms, it struggles to embrace the Unspeakable; cannot embrace it, owing to certain causes.—Seldom do we find that a whole People can be said to have any Faith at

all; except in things which it can eat and handle. Whensoever it gets any Faith, its history becomes spirit-stirring, note-worthy. But since the time when steel Europe shook itself simultaneously, at the word of Hermit Peter, and rushed toward the Sepulchre where God had lain, there was no universal impulse of Faith that one could note. Since Protestantism went silent, no Luther's voice, no Zisca's drum any longer proclaiming that God's Truth was *not* the Devil's Lie; and the last of the Cameronians (Renwick was the name of him; honour to the name of the brave!) sank, shot, on the Castle Hill of Edinburgh, there was no partial impulse of Faith among Nations.

French Revolution.

September 26th.

Great men are the inspired (speaking and acting) Texts of that divine Book OF REVELATIONS, whereof a Chapter is completed from epoch to epoch, and by some named HISTORY; to which inspired Texts your numerous talented men, and your innumerable untalented men, are the better or worse exegetic Commentaries, and wagon-load of too-stupid, heretical or orthodox, weekly Sermons. For my study, the inspired Texts themselves!

Sartor Resartus.

September 27th.

On the whole, who knows how to reverence the Body of a Man? It is the most reverend phenomenon under this Sun. For the Highest God dwells visible

in that mystic unfathomable Visibility,
which calls itself "I" on the Earth.

Past and Present.

September 28th.

Paganism we recognized as a veracious expression of the earnest awe-struck feeling of man towards the Universe; veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianity; one great difference. Paganism emblemized chiefly the Operations of Nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world; Christianity emblemized the Law of Human Duty, the Moral Law of Man. One was for the sensuous nature; a rude helpless utterance of the *first* Thought of men,—the chief recognised

virtue, Courage, Superiority to Fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

September 29th.

Alas! the fearful Unbelief is unbelief in yourself.

Sartor Resartus.

September 30th.

Of hearts made by the Almighty God I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest god-forgetting Cants, Epicurisms, Dead-Sea Apisms; forgotten as under foulest fat Lethe mud and weeds, there is yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the Godlike slumbering. Awake, O nightmare sleepers; awake, arise, or be forever fallen!

Past and Present.

OCTOBER

October 1st.

All that is without us will change while we think not of it; much even that is within us. The truth that was yesterday a restless Problem, has to-day grown a Belief burning to be uttered: on the morrow, contradiction has exasperated it into mad Fanaticism; obstruction has dulled it into sick Inertness; it is sinking towards silence, of satisfaction or of resignation. To-day is not Yesterday, for man or for thing. Yesterday there was the oath of Love; to-day has come the curse of Hate. Not willingly: ah, no; but it could not help coming. The golden radiance of youth, would it willingly have tarnished itself into the dim-

ness of old age?—Fearful: how we stand enveloped, deep-sunk, in that Mystery of TIME; and are Sons of Time; fashioned and woven out of Time; and on us, and on all that we have, or see, or do, is written: Rest not, Continue not, Forward to thy doom!

French Revolution.

October 2d.

There must be something wrong. A full formed Horse will, in any market, bring from twenty to as high as two hundred Friederichs d'or: such is his worth to the world. A full formed Man is not only worth nothing to the world, but the world could afford him a round sum would he simply engage to go and hang himself. Nevertheless, which of

the two was the more cunningly-devised article, even as an Engine?

Sartor Resartus.

October 3d.

You have heard of St. Chrysostom's celebrated saying in reference to the Shekinah, or Ark of Testimony, visible Revelation of God, among the Hebrews: "The true Shekinah is Man!" Yes, it is even so: this is no vain phrase; it is veritably so. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man. This body, these faculties, this life of ours, is it not all as a vesture for that Unnamed? "There is but one temple in the Uni-

verse," says the devout Novalis, "and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than that high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human body!" This sounds much like a mere flourish of rhetoric; but it is not so.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

October 4th.

Brother, this Planet, I find, is but an inconsiderable sandgrain in the continents of Being: this Planet's poor temporary interests, thy interests and my interests there, when I look fixedly into that eternal Light-Sea and Flame-Sea with *its* eternal interests, dwindle literally into nothing; my speech of it is—silence

for the while. I will as soon think of making Galaxies and Star-Systems to guide little herring-vessels by, as of preaching Religion that the Constable may continue possible.

Past and Present.

October 5th.

Ach Gott, when I gazed into these Stars, have they not looked down on me as if with pity, from their serene spaces; like Eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the little lot of man! Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of Time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; and Arcturus and Orion and Sirius and the Pleiades are still shining

in their courses, clear and young, as when the Shepherd first noted them in the plain of Shinar.

Sartor Resartus.

October 6th.

What an umpire Nature is; what a greatness, composure of depth and tolerance there is in her. You take wheat to cast into the Earth's bosom: your wheat may be mixed with chaff, chopped straw, barn-sweepings, dust and all imaginable rubbish; no matter: you cast it into the kind just Earth; she grows the wheat,—the whole rubbish she silently absorbs, shrouds *it* in, says nothing of the rubbish. The yellow wheat is growing there; the good Earth is silent about all the rest,—has silently turned all the rest to some benefit too,

and makes no complaint about it! So everywhere in Nature! She is true and not a lie; and yet so great, and just, and motherly in her truth. She requires of a thing only that it *be* genuine of heart; she will protect it if so; will not, if not so. There is a soul of truth in all the things she ever gave harbour to. Alas, is not this the history of all highest Truth that comes or ever came into the world? The *body* of them all is imperfection, an element of light *in* darkness: to us they have to come embodied in mere Logic, in some merely *scientific* Theorem of the Universe; which *cannot* be complete; which cannot but be found one day *incomplete*, erroneous, and so die and disappear. The body of all Truth dies; and yet in all, I say, there is

a soul which never dies; which in new and ever-nobler embodiment lives immortal as man himself! It is the way with Nature. The genuine essence of Truth never dies. That it be genuine, a voice from the great Deep of Nature, there is the point at Nature's judgment-seat. What *we* call pure or impure, is not with her the final question. Not how much chaff is in you; but whether you have any wheat. Pure! I might say to many a man: Yes, you are pure; pure enough; but you are chaff,—insincere hypothesis, hearsay, formality; you never were in contact with the great heart of the Universe at all; you are properly neither pure or impure; you *are* nothing, Nature has no business with you.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

October 7th.

Very frightful it is when a Nation, rendering asunder its Constitutions and Regulations which were grown dead cerements for it, becomes *transcendental*; and must now seek its wild way through the New, Chaotic,—where Force is not yet distinguished into Bidden and Forbidden, but Crime and Virtue welter un-separated,—in that domain of what is called the Passions; of what we call the Miracles and the Portents! It is thus that, for some three years to come, we are to contemplate France, in this final Third Volume of our History. Sans-cullotism reigning in all its grandeur and in all its hideousness: the Gospel (God's - Message) of Man's Rights, Man's *mights* or strengths, once more

preached irrefragably abroad; along with this, and still louder for the time, the fearfullest Devil's-Message of Man's weaknesses and sins;—and all on such a scale and under such aspect: cloudy “death-birth of a world;” huge smoke-cloud, streaked with rays as of heaven on one side; girt on the other as with hell-fire! History tells us many things: but for the last thousand years and more, what thing has she told us of a sort like this?

French Revolution.

October 8th.

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works:

in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Past and Present.

October 9th.

How beautiful to die of broken-heart, on Paper! Quite another thing in Practice; every window of your Feeling, even of your Intellect, as it were, begrimed and mud-bespattered, so that no pure ray can enter; a whole Drug-shop in your inwards: the foredone soul drowning slowly in quagmires of Disgust!

Sartor Resartus.

October 10th.

How true, for example, is that other old Fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which if they could not answer she destroyed them! Such a Sphinx is this Life of ours, to all men and societies of men.

Past and Present.

October 11th.

To me nothing seems more natural than that the Son of Man, when such God-given mandate first prophetically stirs within him, and the Clay must now be vanquished or vanquish,—should be carried of the spirit into grim Solitudes, and there fronting the Tempter do grimmest battle with him; defiantly

settting him at nought, till he yield and fly. Name it as we choose : with or without visible Devil, whether in the natural Desert of rocks and sands, or in the populous moral Desert of selfishness and baseness,—to such Temptation are we all called. Unhappy if we are not !

Sartor Resartus.

October 12th.

I admire a Nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other Nations, to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to *undersell* them ; we will be content to *equal-sell* them ; to be happy selling equally with them ! I do not see the use of underselling them. Cotton-cloth is already two-pence a yard or lower ; and yet bare

backs were never more numerous among us. Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper ; and try to invent, a little, how cotton at its present cheapness could be somewhat justlier divided among us !

Past and Present.

October 13th.

For it is false altogether what the last Sceptical Century taught us, that this world is a steam-engine. There is a God in this world ; and a God-sanction, or else the violation of such, does look out from all ruling and obedience, from all moral acts of men. There is no act more moral between men than that of rule and obedience. Woe to him that claims obedience when it is not due ; woe

to him that refuses it when it is! God's laws is in that, I say, however the Parchment-laws may run: there is a Divine Right or else a Diabolic Wrong at the heart of every claim that one man makes upon another.

Heroes and Hero Worship

October 14th.

Vain truly is the hope of your swiftest Runner to escape "from his own Shadow."

Sartor Resartus.

October 15th.

Let inventive men consider, Whether the Secret of this Universe, and of Man's Life there, does, after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is one God, just, supreme, al-

mighty: but is Mammon the name of him?—With a Hell which means “Failing to make money,” I do not think there is any Heaven possible that would suit one well; nor so much as an Earth that can be habitable long!

Past and Present.

October 16th.

So has it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, on Heaven’s mission APPEARS. What Force and Fire is in each he expends: one grinding in the mill of Industry; one hunter-like climbing the giddy Alpine heights of Science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rocks of Strife, in war with his fellow:—and then the

Heaven-sent is recalled ; his earthly Vesture falls away, and soon even to Sense becomes a vanished Shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive ? On the hardest adamant some foot-print of us is stamped in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But

whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

Sartor Resartus

October 17th.

For example, you Bobus Higgins, Sausage-maker on the great scale, who are raising such a clamour for this Aristocracy of Talent, what is it that you do, in that big heart of yours, chiefly in very fact pay reverence to? Is it to talent, intrinsic manly worth of any kind you unfortunate Bobus? The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did you ever reverence him? did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better? Talent! I understand you to be able to worship the

fame of talent, the power, cash, celebrity or other success of talent ; but the talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes.

Past and Present.

October 18th.

Great men are not ambitious in that sense ; he is a small poor man that is ambitious so. Examine the man who lives in misery because he does not shine above other men ; who goes about producing himself, pruriently anxious about his gifts and claims ; struggling to force everybody, as it were begging everybody for God's sake, to acknowledge him a great man, and set him over the heads of men ! Such a creature is among the wretchedest sights seen under this sun. A *great* man ! A poor morbid prurient

empty man ; fitter for the ward of a hospital, than for a throne among men. I advise you to keep-out of his way. He cannot walk on quiet paths ; unless you will look at him, wonder at him, write paragraphs about him, he cannot live. It is the *emptiness* of the man, not his greatness. Because there is a nothing in himself, he hungers and thirsts that you would find something in him. In good truth, I believe no great man, not so much as a genuine man who had health and real substance in him of whatever magnitude, who was ever much tormented in this way.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

October 19th.

The "wages" of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not

in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen's Labour-Bank, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings.

Past and Present.

October 20th.

Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action." On which ground too let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee,*" which thou knowest to be a Duty.

Sartor Resartus.

October 21st.

Venerable Justice herself began by Wild-Justice; all Law is as a tamed furrow-field, slowly worked out, and rendered arable, from the waste jungle of Club-Law.

Past and Present.

October 22d.

How was it, then, that here, when trembling to the core of his heart, he did not sink into swoons, but rose into strength, into fearlessness and clearness? It was his guiding Genius (*Damon*) that inspired him; he must go forth and meet his Destiny. Shew thyself now, whispered it, or be for ever hid. Thus sometimes it is even when your anxiety becomes transcendental, that the soul first

feels herself able to transcend it ; that she rises above it, in fiery victory ; and, borne on new-found wings of victory, moves so calmly, even because so rapidly, so irresistibly.

Sartor Resartus.

October 23d.

Very singular to look into it : how a kind of order rises up in all conditions of human existence ; and wherever two or three are gathered together, there are found modes of existing together, habits, observances, nay gracefulnesses, joys !

French Revolution.

October 24th.

It is the Night of the World, and still long till it be Day : we wander amid the

glimmer of smoking ruins, and the Sun and the Stars of Heaven are as blotted out for a season; and two immeasurable Fantoms, HYPOCRISY and ATHEISM, with the Gowle, SENSUALITY, stalk abroad over the Earth, and call it theirs: well at ease are the Sleepers for whom Existence is a shallow Dream.

Sartor Resartus.

October 25th.

How have we to regret not only that men have no "religion," but that they have next to no reflection; and go about with heads full of mere extraneous noises, with eyes wide-open but visionless,—for most part, in the somnambulist state!

Past and Present.

October 26th.

Such transitions are ever full of pain: thus the Eagle when he moults is sickly; and, to attain his new beak, must harshly dash off the old one upon rocks.

Sartor Resartus.

October 27th.

Or apart from all Transcendentalism, is not a plain truth of sense, which the duller mind can even consider as a truism, that human things wholly are in continual movement, and action and re-action; working continually forward, phasis after phasis, by unalterable laws, toward prescribed issues? How often must we say, and yet not rightly lay to heart: The seed that is sown, it will spring! Given the summer's blossom-

ing, then there is also given the autumnal withering: so is it ordered not with seed-fields only, but with transactions, arrangements, philosophies, societies, French Revolutions, whatsoever man works with in this lower world. The Beginning holds in it the End, and all that leads thereto; as the acorn does the oak and its fortunes. Solemn enough, did we think of it,—which unhappily and also happily we do not very much! Thou there canst begin; the Beginning is for thee, and there: but where, and of what sort, and for whom will the end be? All grows, and seeks and endures its destinies: consider likewise how much grows, as the trees do, whether *we* think of it or not.

French Revolution.

October 28th.

Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame?

Past and Present.

October 29th.

Small men, most active, useful, are to be seen everywhere, whose whole activity depends on some conviction which to you is palpably a limited one, imperfect, what

we call an *error*. But would it be a kindness always, is it a duty always or often, to disturb them in that? Many a man, doing loud work in the world, stands only on some thin traditionality, conventionality; to him indubitable, to you incredible: break that beneath him, he sinks to endless depths! "I might have my hand full of truth," said Fontenelle, "and yet open only my little finger."

Heroes and Hero Worship.

October 30th.

How true that there is nothing dead in this Universe; that what we call dead is only changed, its forces working in inverse order! "The leaf that lies rotting in moist winds," says one, "has still force; else how could it *rot*?" Our

whole Universe is but an infinite Complex of Forces; thousandfold, from Gravitation up to Thought and Will; man's Freedom environed with Necessity of Nature: in all which nothing at any moment slumbers, but all is for ever awake and busy. The thing that lies isolated, inactive thou shalt nowhere discover; seek every where from the granite mountain, slow-mouldering since Creation, to the passing cloud-vapour, to the living man; to the action, to the spoken word of man. The word that is spoken, as we know, flies-irrevocable: not less, but more, the action that is done. "The gods themselves," sings Pindar, "cannot annihilate the action that is done." No: this once done, is done always; cast forth into endless Time;

and, long conspicuous, or soon hidden, must verily work and grow for ever there, an indestructible new element in the Infinite of Things.

French Revolution.

October 31st.

Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown?

Sartor Resartus.

NOVEMBER

November 1st.

Sansculottism verily was alive, a New-Birth of TIME; nay it still lives, and is not dead, but changed. The *soul* of it still lives; still works far and wide, through one bodily shape into another less amorphous, as is the way of cunning Time with his New-Births:—till, in some perfected shape, it embrace the whole circuit of the world! For the wise man may now everywhere discern that he must found on his manhood, not on the garnitures of his manhood. He who, in these Epochs of our Europe, founds on garnitures, formulas, culottisms of what sort soever, is founding on an old cloth and sheep-skin, and cannot endure. But as for the body of Sansculottism,

that is dead and buried,—and, one hopes, need not reappear, in primary amorphous shape, for another thousand years!

French Revolution.

November 2d.

The manner of men's Hero-worship, verily it is the innermost fact of their existence, and determines all the rest,—at public hustings, in private drawing-rooms, in church, in market, and wherever else. Have true reverence, and what indeed is inseparable therefrom, reverence the right man, all is well; have sham-reverence, and what also follows, greet with it the wrong man, then all is ill, and there is nothing well. Alas, if Hero-worship become Dilettantism, and all except Mammonism be a vain

grimace, how much, in this most earnest Earth, has ever and is evermore going to fatal destruction, and lies wasting in quiet lazy ruin, no man regarding it!

Past and Present.

November 3d.

The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (and worship), were he President of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mécanique Céleste* and *Hegel's Philosophy*, and the epitome of all Laboratories and Observatories with their results, in his single head,—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which there is no Eye. Let those who have Eyes look through him, then he may be useful.

Sartor Resartus.

November 4th.

Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *Silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no Morning Newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. Like a forest which has no *roots*; which had all turned into leaves and boughs;—which must soon wither and be no forest. Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great;

all else is small.—I hope we English will long maintain our *grand talent pour le silence*. Let others that cannot do without standing on barrel-heads, to spout, and be seen of all the market-place, cultivate speech exclusively,—become a most green forest without roots?

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 5th.

Gaze thou in the face of thy Brother, in those eyes where plays the lambent fire of Kindness, or in those where rages the lurid conflagration of Anger; feel how thy own so quiet Soul is straightway involuntarily kindled with the like, and ye blaze and reverberate on each other, till it is all one limitless confluent

flame (of embracing Love, or of deadly-grappling Hate); and then say what miraculous virtue goes out of man into man.

Sartor Resartus.

November 6th.

Or, indeed, what *is* this Infinite of Things itself, which men name Universe, but an action, a sum-total of Actions and Activities? The living ready-made sum-total of these three,—which Calculation cannot add, cannot bring on its tablets; yet the sum, we say, is written visible: All that has been done, All that is doing, All that will be done! Understand it well, the Thing thou beholdest, that Thing is an Action, the product and expression of exerted Force: the All of

Things is an infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*. Shoreless Fountain-Ocean of Force, of power to *do*; wherein Force rolls and circles, billowing, many-streamed, harmonious; wide as Immensity, deep as Eternity; beautiful and terrible, not to be comprehended: this is what man names Existence and Universe; this thousand-tinted Flame-image, at once veil and revelation, reflex such as he, in his poor brain and heart, can paint, of One Unnameable dwelling in inaccessible light! From beyond the Star-galaxies, from before the Beginning of Days, it billows and rolls,—round *thee*, nay thyself art of it, in this point of Space where thou now standest, in this moment which thy clock measures.

French Revolution.

November 7th.

Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell; let light be, and there is instead a green flowery World. O, it is great, and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier,—more blessed, less accursed! It is work for a God.

Past and Present.

November 8th.

A just man will generally have better cause than *money* in what shape soever, before deciding to revolt against his Government. He will say: "Take my

money, since you *can*, and it is so desirable to you; take it—and take yourself away with it; and leave me alone to my work here. *I* am still here; *can* still work, after all the money you have taken from me!” But if they come to him and say, “Acknowledge a Lie; pretend to say you are worshipping God, when you are not doing it: believe not the thing that *you* find true, but the thing that *I* find, or pretend to find true!” He will answer: “No; by God’s help, no! You may take my purse; but I cannot have my moral self annihilated. The purse is any Highwayman’s who might meet me with a loaded pistol: but the Self is mine and God my Maker’s; it is not yours; and I will resist you to the death, and revolt against you, and, on the

whole, front all manner of extremities, accusations and confusions, in defense of that!"

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 9th.

Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike; is not Immensity a Temple, is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel? Listen, and for organ-music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.

Sartor Resartus.

November 10th.

Wherefore let all men know what of depth and of height is still revealed in man; and, with fear and wonder, with

just sympathy and just antipathy, with clear eye and open heart, contemplate it and appropriate it; and draw innumerable inferences from it. This inference for example, among the first: "That if the gods of this lower world will sit on their glittering thrones, indolent as Epicurus' gods, with the living Chaos of Ignorance and Hunger weltering uncared for at their feet, and smooth Parasites preaching, Peace, peace, when there is no peace," then the dark Chaos, it would seem, will rise; has risen, and O Heavens! has it not tanned their skins into breeches for itself? That there be no second Sansculottism in our Earth for a thousand years, let us understand well what the first was; and let Rich and Poor of us go and do *otherwise*.

French Revolution.

November 11th.

How can there be any remedy in insurrection? It is a mere announcement of the disease,—visible now even to Sons of Night. Insurrection usually “gains” little; usually wastes how much! One of its worst kinds of waste, to say nothing of the rest, is that of irritating and exasperating men against each other, by violence done; which is always sure to be injustice done, for violence does even justice unjustly.

Past and Present.

November 12th.

With respect to Duels, indeed I have my own ideas. Few things, in this so surprising world, strike me with more surprise. Two little visual Spectra of

men, hovering with insecure enough cohesion in the midst of the UNFATHOMABLE, and to dissolve therein, at any rate, very soon,—make pause at the distance of twelve paces asunder; whirl round; and simultaneously by the cunningest mechanism, explode one another into Dissolution; and off-hand become Air, and Non-extant! Deuce on it (*verdammt*), the little spitfires!—Nay, I think with old Hugo von Trimberg: “God must needs laugh outright, could such a thing be, to see his wondrous Manikins here below.”

Sartor Resartus.

November 13th.

For the faith in an Invisible, Unnameable, Godlike, present everywhere in all

that we see and work and suffer, is the essence of all faith whatsoever ; and that once denied, or still worse, asserted with lips only, and out of bound prayerbooks only, what other things remain believable?

Past and Present.

November 14th.

Fool! the Ideal is in thyself, the Impediment too is in thyself: thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of: what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, be poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and

create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

Sartor Resartus

November 15th.

All misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way. The black whirlwind is mother of the lightning. No *smoke*, in any sense, but can become flame and radiance!

Past and Present.

November 16th.

A vein of Poetry exists in the hearts of all men; no man is made altogether of Poetry. We are all poets when we read a poem well. The "imagination that

shudders at the Hell of Dante," is not that the same faculty, weaker in degree, as Dante's own?

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 17th.

Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part of Nature's own Laws, co-operates with the World's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

Past and Present.

November 18th.

Musical: how much lies in that; A *musical* thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely the *melody* that lies hidden in it; the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be, here in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious; naturally utter themselves in Song. The meaning of Song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? *A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!*

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 19th.

Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other principle: it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

Past and Present.

November 20th.

“In these distracted times,” writes he, “when the Religious Principle, driven out of most Churches, either lies unseen in the hearts of good men, looking and

longing and silently working there towards some new Revelation; or else wanders homeless over the world, like a disembodied soul seeking its terrestrial organisation,—into how many strange shapes, of Superstition and Fanaticism, does it not tentatively and errantly cast itself! The higher Enthusiasm of man's nature is for the while without Exponent; yet must it continue indestructible, unweariedly active, and work blindly in the great chaotic deep; thus Sect after Sect, and Church after Church, bodies itself forth, and melts again into new metamorphosis."

Sartor Resartus.

November 21st.

The first man who, looking with opened soul on this august Heaven and

Earth, this Beautiful and Awful, which we name Nature, Universe and such like, the essence of which remains forever UNNAMEABLE; he who first, gazing into this, fell on his knees, awestruck, in silence as is likeliest,—he, driven by inner necessity, the “audacious original” that he was, had done a thing, too, which all thoughtful hearts saw straightway to be an expressive, altogether adoptable thing! To bow the knee was ever since the attitude of supplication.

Past and Present.

November 22d.

“If in youth,” writes he once, “the Universe is majestically unveiling, and everywhere Heaven revealing itself on Earth, nowhere to the Young Man does

this Heaven on Earth so immediately reveal itself as in the Young Maiden. Strangely enough, in this strange life of ours, it has been so appointed. On the whole, as I have often said, a Person (*Personlichkeit*) is ever holy to us; a certain orthodox Anthropomorphism connects my *Me* with all *Thees* in bonds of Love: but it is in this approximation of the Like and Unlike, that such heavenly attraction, as between Negative and Positive, first burns out into a flame. Is the pitifulest mortal Person, think you, indifferent to us? Is it not rather our heartfelt wish to be made one with him; to unite him to us, by gratitude, by admiration, even by fear; or failing all these, unite ourselves to him? But how much more in this case of the Like-Un-

like! Here is conceded us the higher mystic possibility of such a union, the highest in our Earth; thus in the conducting medium of Fantasy, flames forth that *fire*-development of the universal Spiritual Electricity, which, as unfolded between man and woman, we first emphatically denominate LOVE.

Sartor Resartus.

November 23d.

Fire is the best of servants; but what a master!

Past and Present.

November 24th.

Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how everything does co-operate with all; not a leaf rotting on the high-

way but is indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men and works sooner or later recognisably or irreconisably, on all men!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 25th.

Hell generally signifies the Infinite Terror, the thing a man *is* infinitely afraid of, and shudders and shrinks from, struggling with his whole soul to escape from it. There is a Hell therefore, if you will consider, which accompanies man, in all stages of his history, and religious or other development; but the Hells of men and Peoples differ notably.

With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge.

Past and Present.

November 26th.

No Chaos can continue chaotic with a soul in it. Besouled with earnest human Nobleness, did not slaughter, violence and fire-eyed fury, grow into a chivalry; into a blessed Loyalty of Governor and Governed?

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 27th.

Man's philosophies are usually the supplement of his practice; some ornamental Logic-varnish, some outer skin

of Articulate Intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive Doings presentable when they are done.

Past and Present.

November 28th.

Effect? Influence? Utility? Let a man do his work; the fruit of it is the care of another than he.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

November 29th.

Seek through this Universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life.

Past and Present.

November 30th.

“Bending before men,” if it is not to be a mere empty grimace, better dispensed with than practised, is Hero-worship,—a recognition that there does dwell in that presence of our brother something divine ; that every created man, as Novalis said, is a “revelation in the Flesh.”

Heroes and Hero Worship.

DECEMBER

December 1st.

Meanwhile, we will hate Anarchy as Death, which it is ; and the things worse than Anarchy shall be hated more ! Surely Peace alone is fruitful. Anarchy is destruction : a burning up, say, of Shams and Insupportabilities ; but which leaves Vacancy behind. Know this also, that out of a world of Unwise nothing but an Unwisdom can be made. Arrange it, •Constitution-build it, sift it through Ballot-Boxes as thou wilt, it is and remains an Unwisdom,—the new prey of new quacks and unclean things, the latter end of it is slightly better than the beginning. Who can bring a wise thing out of men unwise ? Not one.

French Revolution.

December 2d.

Nature's Laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men; no Twenty-seven Millions of men. Show me a Nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself, I will show you a Nation travelling with one assent on the broad way. The broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills and Duke's Palaces, it may have! Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by

silent Valour, will this Nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not.

Past and Present.

December 3d.

For the Scepticism, as I said, is not intellectual only; it is moral also; a chronic atrophy and disease of the whole soul. A man lives by believing something; not by debating and arguing about many things. A sad case for him when all that he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest! Lower than that he will not get. We call those ages in which he gets so low, the mournfulest, sickest and meanest of all ages. The world's heart is

palsied, sick: how can any limb of it be whole? Genuine Acting ceases in all departments of the world's work; dexterous Similitude of Acting begins. The world's wages are pocketed, the world's work is not done. Heroes have gone out: Quacks have come in.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 4th.

It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die,—the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt in with a cold universal Laissez-faire: it is to die slowly

all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull!

Past and Present.

December 5th.

Bookkeeping by double entry is admirable, and records several things in an exact manner. But the Mother Destinies also keep their Tablets; in Heaven's Chancery also there goes on a recording; and things as my Moslem friends say, are "written on the iron leaf."

Past and Present.

December 6th.

The Great Man's sincerity is of the kind he cannot speak of, is not conscious of; nay, I suppose he is conscious rather

of *insincerity*; for what man can walk accurately by the law of truth for one day? No, the Great Man does not boast himself sincere, far from that; perhaps does not ask himself if he is so: I would say rather, his sincerity does not depend on himself; he cannot help being sincere! The great Fact of Existence is great to him. Fly as he will, he cannot get out of the awful presence of this Reality. His mind is so made; he is great by that, first of all. Fearful and wonderful, real as Life, real as Death, is this Universe to him. Though all men should forget its truth, and walk in a vain show, he cannot. At all moments the Flame-image glares-in upon him; undeniable, there, there!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 7th.

A SOUL is not like wind (*spiritus*, or breath) contained within a capsule; the ALMIGHTY MAKER is not like a Clock-maker that once, in old immemorial ages, having *made* his Horologe of a Universe, sits ever since and sees it go! Not at all.

Past and Present.

December 8th.

Nay all speech, even the commonest speech, has something of song in it: not a parish in the world but has its parish-accent;—the rhythm or *tune* to which the people there *sing* what they have to say! Accent is a kind of chanting; all men have accent of their own,—though they only *notice* that of others.

Observe too how all passionate language does of itself become musical,—with a finer music than the mere accent; the speech of a man even in zealous anger becomes a chant, a song. All deep things are Song. It seems somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls! The primal element of us; of us, and of all things.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 9th.

Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his life “a battle and a march,” under the right General. It is forever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity,

with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton;—now also with the hallucinations of his poor fellow Men.

Past and Present.

December 10th.

If thou ask to what height man has carried it in this manner, look on our divinest Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life, and his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached: this is Christianity and Christendom; a Symbol of quite perennial infinite character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into, and anew made manifest.

Sartor Resartus.

December 11th.

All great Peoples are conservative; slow to believe novelties; patient of much error in actualities; deeply and forever certain of the greatness that is in Law, in Custom once solemnly-established, and now long recognised as just and final.

Past and Present.

December 12th.

How true is that of Novalis: "It is certain, my Belief gains quite *infinitely* the moment I can conceive another mind thereof!"

Sartor Resartus.

December 13th.

Deeds are greater than Words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable,

and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do; they people the vacuity of Time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves.

Past and Present.

December 14th.

Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them; only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man; that only in a world of Heroes was there loyal

Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of originality is not that it may be new; Johnson believed altogether in the old; he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him; and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 15th.

And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships and so forth,—what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What *is* his Hell; after all these reputable oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pro-

nounce it to be: The terror of "Not succeeding;" of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world,—chiefly of not making money! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell?

Past and Present.

December 16th.

What of the world and its victories? Men speak too much about the world. Each one of us here, let the world go how it will, and be victorious, or not victorious, has he not a Life of his own to lead? One Life; a little gleam of Time between two Eternities; no second chance to us forevermore! It were well for *us* to live not as fools and simulacra, but as wise and realities. The world's being saved will not save us; nor the world's

being lost destroy us. We should look to ourselves: there is great merit here in the "duty of staying at home!" And on the whole, to say truth, I never heard of "worlds" being "saved" in any other way. For the saving of the *world* I will trust confidently to the Maker of the world; and look a little to my own saving, which I am more competent to!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 17th.

All Fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest;—of Might which do in the long-run, and forever will in this just Universe in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part

of them, beaten sufficiently flies off into dust: this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

Past and Present.

December 18th.

The highest Voice ever heard on this earth said withal, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not neither do they spin: yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A glance, that, into the deepest deep of Beauty. "The lilies of the field,"—dressed finer than earthly princes, springing-up there in the humblefurrow-field; a beautiful eye looking out on you, from the great inner Sea of Beauty! How could the rude Earth make these, if her Essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly Beauty?

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 19th.

O thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; the Self in thee needed to be annihilated. By benignant fever-paroxysms is Life rooting out the deep-seated chronic Disease, and triumphs over Death. On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azures of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the EVERLASTING YEA, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whoso walks and works, it is well with him.

Sartor Resartus.

December 20th.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work

done. Not "I can't eat!" but "I can't work!" that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished.

Past and Present.

December 21st.

Belief I define to be the healthy act of a man's mind. It is a mysterious indescribable process, that of getting to believe;—indescribable, as all vital acts are. We have our mind given us, not

that it may cavil and argue, but that it may see into something, give us clear belief and understanding about something, whereon we are then to proceed to act. Doubt, truly, is not itself a crime. Certainly we do not rush out, clutch-up the first thing we find, and straightway believe that! All manner of doubt, inquiry, σκέψις as it is named, about all manner of objects, dwells in every reasonable mind. It is the mystic working of the mind, on the object it is *getting* to know and believe. Belief comes out of all this, above ground, like the tree from its hidden *roots*.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 22d.

The great unique heart: how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in

its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he goes or stands on Earth; making all the Earth a mystic Temple to him, the Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight; angels yet hover doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great Law of Duty, high as these two Infinities, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else.

Past and Present.

December 23d.

"Society," says he, "is not dead; that Carcass, which you call dead Society,

is but her mortal coil which she has shuffled off, to assume a nobler; she herself, through perpetual metamorphoses, in fairer and fairer development, has to live till Time also merge in Eternity. Wheresoever two or three Living Men are gathered together, there is Society; or there it will be, with its cunning mechanisms and stupendous structures, overspreading this little Globe, and reaching upwards to Heaven and downwards to Gehenna: for always, under one or the other figure, it has two authentic Revelations, of a God and of a Devil; the Pulpit, namely and the Gallows."

Sartor Resartus.

December 24th.

The spoken Word, the written Poem, is said to be an epitome of the man; how

much more the done Work. Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, of method, insight, ingenuity, energy; in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had in him will lie written in the Work he does. To Work: why, it is to try himself against Nature, and her everlasting unerring Laws: these will tell a true verdict as to the man.

Past and Present.

December 25th.

A cause, the noblest of causes kindles itself, like a beacon set on high; high as Heaven, yet attainable from Earth;—whereby the meanest man becomes not a Citizen only, but a member of Christ's visible Church; a veritable Hero, if he prove a true man.

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 26th.

For strangely in this so solid-seeming World, which nevertheless is in continual restless flux, it is appointed that *Sound*, to appearance the most fleeting, should be the most continuing of all things. The WORD is well said to be omnipotent in this world: man, thereby divine, can create as by a *Fiat*.

Sartor Resartus.

December 27th.

But this I do say, and would wish all men to know and lay to heart, that he who discerns nothing but Mechanism in the Universe has in the fatalest way missed the secret of the Universe altogether. That all Godhood should vanish out of men's conception of this Universe seems

to me precisely the most brutal error,— I will not disparage Heathenism by calling it a Heathen error,—that men could fall into. It is not true; it is false at the very heart of it. A man who thinks so will think *wrong* about all things in the world; this original sin will vitiate all other conclusions he can form. One might call it the most lamentable of Delusions,—not forgetting Witchcraft itself! Witchcraft worshipped at least a living Devil: but this worships a dead iron Devil; no God, not even a Devil!

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 28th.

For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuller by victory and prosperity, springing now radiant as into his own

due element and sun-throne; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundredfold uglier, pitifuller. Whatsoever vices, whatsoever weaknesses were in the man, the parvenu will show us them enlarged, as in the solar microscope, into frightful distortion. Nay, how many mere seminal principles of vice, hitherto all wholesomely kept latent, may we now see unfolded, as in the solar hot-house, into growth, into huge universally-conspicuous luxuriance and development!

Past and Present.

December 29th.

In the garden at Wittenberg one evening at sunset, a little bird has perched for the night: That little bird, says Luther, above it are stars and deep Heaven of

worlds ; yet it has folded its little wings ; gone trustfully to rest there as in its home : the Maker of it has given it too a home !

Heroes and Hero Worship.

December 30th.

Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy ; attack him swiftly, subdue him ; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee !

Past and Present.

December 31st.

And so here, O Reader, has the time come for us two to part. Toilsome was our journeying together ; not without offense ; but it is done. To me thou wert

as a beloved shade, the disembodied or not yet embodied spirit of a Brother. To thee I was but as a Voice. Yet was our relation a kind of sacred one; doubt not that! Whatsoever once sacred things become hollow jargons, yet while the Voice of Man speaks with Man, hast thou not there the living fountain out of which all sacredness sprang, and will yet spring? Man, by the nature of him, is definable as "an incarnated Word." Ill stands it with me if I have spoken falsely: thine also it was to hear truly. Farewell.

French Revolution.

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